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THE STEEL CORPORATION AND THE PANIC OF 1907

The charge that President Roosevelt was guilty of lawlessness in stating to Messrs. Frick and Gary in 1907 his understanding of the Anti-Trust Law is based on the assumption either that the President has no right to have an opinion as to what law requires of him, or else that he has no right, under any circumstances, to state that opinion to other people. It is difficult to say which of these two assumptions is the more preposterous. The fall of 1907 was a time of acute stress in the industrial, financial, and business world. The country was in the midst of a serious panic. Public confidence, which is the cornerstone of business prosperity, had given way to unreasoning distrust and fear. Several of the recurring crises characteristic of panics had been weathered, partly through the action of the Government, partly through the action of some of the strong forces in the financial world. But the country was face to face, in the sober opinion of those best fitted to judge of the situation, with another more serious crisis. The action of President Roosevelt in declaring to the officials of the United States Steel Corporation that he felt it no public duty to interpose any objection to the acquisition by the Steel Corporation of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was predicated upon the conditions then existing, and was justified by the impending danger which this procedure, and, in the judgment of those in closest touch with the situation, both in the financial world and in the Government, this procedure alone, promised to avert. It is as true as when Shakespeare said it of great kings, that "nice custom must curtsey" to great crises. President Roosevelt's action in that moment of public danger is no more to be judged by considering whether it would have been proper under ordinary conditions of business tranquillity and popular confidence than was Abraham Lincoln's action in suspending the habeas corpus act in time of war to be judged by considering whether it would be a proper procedure in the humdrum times of peace. President Roosevelt's action in declining to interpose any obstacle to the acquisition by the Steel Corporation of properties which quite probably would prove to be to its advantage must be judged in relation to the emergency which gave birth to the project and to the primary purpose which it was intended to accomplish, just as truly as Abraham Lincoln's action in permitting Jay Cooke to raise funds by bond issues, which undoubtedly resulted largely to his own personal advantage, must be judged in relation to the financial needs of the Government in an hour of stress. The acts of both Presidents in these National crises were, in the real sense of the word, extraordinary acts justified by the conditions which made them necessary and by the results of National benefit which they produced. They were the acts of courageous men who were not afraid to take extraordinary measures to meet extraordinary conditions, regardless of the criticism which both knew that the passing of the extraordinary conditions would inevitably bring.

THE REGULATION OF COMBINATION

This incident, recalled from the past, re-emphasizes the demand which The Outlook has made for some power in the Federal Government to give authoritative information respecting the legality of a combination before the combination is formed and the illegal act, if it

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is illegal, is perpetrated. It ought not to be necessary for the men at the head of a great corporation, or men who are desirous of forming a trade combination for greater efficiency, to go to the President and ask him whether the action which they propose to take will be regarded as illegal. No laws can be framed that will prevent the need of a President taking extraordinary action when an extraordinary crisis arises; but extraordinary actions do often indicate directions in which the law may be extended. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law has been on the statute-books for twenty years, and even now, after the illuminating decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, we do not believe that it is possible for the officials of a great corporation or even for their lawyers to know surely in advance whether any action or arrangement which they may contemplate violates the law. Our laws in relation to corporations and combinations ought to be so framed that the organizations with which they deal shall be able to know what they may legally do under them, and what they may not. The Federal Government should deal with the problem of corporation control and the prevention of the evils of monopoly by the method of affirmative and definite regulation, not by the method of negative and nebulous prohibition. Because the country has as yet adopted only the second method and not the first, President Roosevelt, in the extraordinary conditions which confronted him, was compelled to take extraordinary measures, peculiarly effective at the moment, but no precedent for future action in ordinary times. Because the country has preferred prohibition to regulation, the Supreme Court of the United States took the unusual course of directing the Tobacco Company to submit its reorganization to the Circuit Court of the United States and get the approval of that Court before the organization is perfected. There was no precedent for President Roosevelt's action and there was no precedent for the action of the Supreme Court; but it was right and wise for both actions to be taken. The necessity for action in both cases points to a conclusion which The Outlook has already urged—power conferred upon some bureau of the Government to investigate every combination, to determine whether the combination is legal or illegal, and to give those who have made the combination an opportunity to change it if it is illegal; or, if it tends to monopoly, to put it so under the supervision and control of the Government that it will cease to be a monopoly—that is, it will cease to be able to control prices, regulate output, and deteriorate quality, since the price, the output, and the quality will be all subject to Government supervision and control. The regulation ought to be such as to enable the administrative body to issue orders so specific that compliance with them will insure the subordination of the corporation to the public interest. What the Supreme Court of the United States has done in one case, the Federal Government ought to do habitually and systematically by a bureau properly organized and equipped for the purpose.

ARE THE TRUSTS INJURIOUS TO THE PUBLIC?

Mr. George W. Perkins, in a paper read before the Michigan College of Mines, asks the following pertinent questions:

First—Has the cost of articles made by the so-called trusts increased or decreased?

Second—Have wages increased or decreased?

Third—Are labor men more steadily employed and better housed, more generally employed and better satisfied?

Fourth—Have there been fewer failures in the lines of business involved?

Fifth—Have the so-called trusts increased or decreased our foreign trade balances?

Sixth—Have the so-called trusts devised ways and means and provided the capital for saving and utilizing waste products which could not have been done by smaller concerns?

Seventh—Is the tendency to have the ownership of these large companies, and the profits made by them, enjoyed by a few men or by many men? Is the tendency to have these corporations in the future create, by their profits, large fortunes for a few men, as was the case in partnerships under competitive methods, or is the tendency to distribute such profits more generally among the people?

The Outlook agrees with Mr. Perkins that it would be well if Congress should provide for an investigation to obtain authoritative answers to these questions. The Department of Justice can ascertain

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perhaps as well as Congress whether the law has been violated, but Congress is the only department of Government which is competent to ascertain how the law is actually working. Mr. Perkins's questions are not merely rhetorical. The answers to them have been assumed, but not ascertained. We do not think that there has ever been any such authoritative investigation as furnishes trustworthy and scientific information as to the actual economic effects of our great industrial combinations. Such a scientific investigation is greatly to be desired.

EFFECTS OF COMPETITION

Mr. Perkins also points out certain results produced by free competition:

> What has given us the sweatshops? Competition.
> What has given us child labor? Competition.
> What throws labor out of employment? Competition.
> What causes low wages? Competition.
> What brings panic and failure? Competition.
> And what is our Congress at this moment calling loudly on our Attorney-General to enforce, even to the door of the jail? Competition.

These statements also are not rhetorical. There is some question whether, as the result of the trusts, prices have increased, wages have decreased, the unemployed are more in number, the profits of industry have been more concentrated or more widely diffused. But there is no question that we have the sweatshop, child labor, the unemployed, low wages, panics, and failures, and that these evils have been, perhaps not created, but certainly aggravated, by the competitive system. To flee from the uncertain evils of great combinations into the certain evils of free competition may be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

A BETTER REMEDY

The "Journal of Commerce," in its editorial on Mr. George W. Perkins's paper, assumes that the only remedy for great combinations is free competition. It objects, as The Outlook objects, to monopoly because the purpose of monopoly must necessarily be primarily the profit of those who constitute it. If there are public benefits, they will be incidental and indirect. But it does not follow that the only remedy for monopoly is a return to free competition. There are perils in highly organized industry, but the remedy is not in disorganizing the industry. The remedy is in bringing the industrial organizations under the control of a still greater organization, namely, the State or the Nation. Mr. Perkins, in his paper, points out the fact that we are living in an era of organization, that the Nation itself is a combination of States, and that, for the sake of greater efficiency, the various denominations are attempting to form a combination of churches; and he indicates the path of progress by hinting at the path which progress has already taken.

> Our National Government had undertaken the supervision of our States; then it undertook the supervision of our banks; then it undertook the supervision of our railroads. Why not at least try to undertake the supervision of our big business concerns before we smash them to pieces? Why not try to regulate before we strangulate?

To go back in industry to free competition is as impossible as to go back in government from a centralized government to the thirteen independent colonies. We could not disorganize labor if we would. We would not disorganize labor if we could. We can regulate and control organized labor in the interests of the public. We can compel every organization which has a monopoly (that is, which has power to fix prices, limit output, and determine quality) to submit its whole organization, including wages and prices, to Government control. This is the direction in which Congress should be looking for remedy of present evils.

MASSACHUSETTS FALLS IN LINE

Massachusetts has adopted a Workman's Compensation Act. Under a clause of the Constitution which enables the Legislature in certain cases to obtain beforehand the opinion of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of pending legislation, the opinion of that Court has been asked and its decision rendered, that the Act is constitutional. The Act differs from the New York Act in being voluntary, not compulsory, and this difference the Court notes in its opinion. Without going

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into details, it may suffice here to say that the Act provides for an Employees' Insurance Association, to which any employer in the Commonwealth may become a subscriber, and an employee of any such subscriber "shall be held to have waived his right of action at common law to recover damages for personal injuries if he shall not have given his employer, at the time of his contract of hire, notice in writing that he claimed such right." The Act then goes on to provide certain payments to be made to injured parties automatically, without the necessity of suit at law, and also, as a means of inducing employers to join in this movement, it provides that in an action at common law for injury or death it shall not be a defense that the employee was negligent, that the injury was caused by the negligence of a fellow-employee, or that the employee had assumed the risk of the injury. It appears to us that this example, set by Massachusetts and approved by its Supreme Court as constitutional, is a model worth studying by those who are interested in this movement for securing, on the one hand, to employees injured in the ordinary course of their business, compensation without the delays and the expense of a lawsuit, and, on the other hand, to employers exemption from vexatious, unreasonable, and blackmailing suits for damages.

WHAT IS A REPUBLICAN STATE?

An old-time college professor used to say to his classes, "There is no law against a man's making a fool of himself if he wants to." This is good American doctrine. It applies to States as well as individuals. If Arizona wishes to try the experiment of subjecting its judges to recall by popular demand, it should be permitted to do so. It is a very foolish experiment, but its folly may be illuminating to other States in the Union. Congress has passed an Act for the admission of Arizona as a State. By the direction of Congress the people of Arizona have formed their own Constitution, which has been accepted by Congress and is now before the President for his approval. The only question which the President ought to consider is whether the Constitution adopted by the people of Arizona is in violation of the Constitution of the United States. The only possible ground for the assumption that it is in violation of the Constitution of the United States is the clause in the United States Constitution that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government. To say that a provision in the State Constitution for the recall of judges makes the State unrepublican in its form of government is little short of preposterous. "A republican form of government," said Mr. Justice Brown, of the Supreme Court, in Downes vs. Bidwell, "is one in which the supreme power resides in the whole body of the people and is exercised by the representatives elected by them." A provision that a judge may be recalled by the people who have elected him is not a violation of this principle. The object of this clause in the United States Constitution was, as is clearly shown by the context and by the debates in the Constitutional Convention, to protect the State against invasion and against domestic violence which threatens to overthrow self-government and establish a monarchical or aristocratic form of government in its place. It would be a monstrous extension of this clause of the United States Constitution so to interpret it as to make it prohibit government which, in the view of other States, was excessively democratic.

THE FOLLY OF THE RECALL

It is to be expected that a progressive community, like a progressive individual, will try some foolish experiments. We learn wisdom by our mistakes. But a community ought not to re-try an experiment the folly of which has been demonstrated by the experience of the past, and, as Senators Borah and Root in their speeches before the Senate last week showed very clearly, the experiment of making judges dependent on the will of the power which creates them was proved foolish by England's experiment in that direction. One of the causes which brought on the English Revolution was the intolerable injustice perpetrated by the judges. Because they were subject to recall by the King, they became

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simply instruments of kingly power. Make the judges subject to recall by the majority, and they will become equally the supple instruments of the power of majorities. The well-known warning words of de Tocqueville may be profitably recalled by the people of Arizona: "For myself, when I feel the hand of power lie heavy on my brow, I care but little to know who oppresses me; and I am not the more disposed to pass beneath the yoke because it is held out to me by the arms of a million of men." After the Revolution had overthrown the Stuart dynasty, and as a result of that Revolution, under the Act of Settlement the judges were appointed to hold office during good behavior, "and their salary ascertained and established." The result of this beneficent reform Senator Borah puts briefly and forcibly in the following sentences:

> Thereafter, instead of Jeffreys denouncing and cursing from the bench the aged Baxter; instead of Dudley taunting and tormenting the New England colonists; instead of Scroggs and Saunders, subtle and dexterous instruments of tyranny, we have Somers and Holt and York and Hardwick and Eldon and Mansfield laying deep and firm the great principles of English law and English justice, principles which still shield and guard the personal rights of every member of the English-speaking race, principles which our fathers were careful to bring here, principles which every American citizen would unhesitatingly shoulder his musket to defend and preserve.

Judges, whether appointed or elected, should have terms sufficiently long to make them independent of popular prejudice and popular clamor. Provision, like that of New York State, that a judge may be removed by legislative action on charges, but without impeachment, may be legitimate. The power is rarely exercised, and has, we believe, inflicted no injustice. But this is very different from a provision that, on a petition signed by one-fourth of the persons who voted at the last election in a judicial district, the question of a judge's retention in office shall be submitted to a popular election.

ADMIRAL TOGO IN AMERICA

The visit to America of the ablest sea strategist of his age has been an event calling for adequate recognition. President Taft has paid unusual honor to Admiral Count Togo, and, at the close of the state dinner at the White House, turned the personal celebration into an effort towards wider arbitral justice. Unusual honors were also paid to Count Togo by the Senate and House of Representatives, which, admitting him to the floor, adjourned so that the members might meet him. As he entered the chambers he was greeted with much hand-clapping and with shouts of "Banzai!" Two features of his sojourn have evidently interested the Admiral. With a characteristically Eastern reverence for those who have departed this life, Count Togo visited four graves and prayed aloud there. The first visit was to the grave of George Washington; the second, to that of John Paul Jones; the third, to that of the lamented Admiral Sperry, whom Count Togo met in Japan when Sperry commanded the American battle fleet; the fourth, to the grave of Kinjiro Matsukata, the young Japanese in the United States Naval Academy who, just a year ago, at the age of twenty, was cruelly cut down by typhoid fever. The other feature of special interest was Count Togo's inspection of Government ship-building and armament-making; as to the latter, he did not fail to note our new fourteen-inch guns, the most powerful rifles in the world. Everywhere the Japanese Admiral has been received, by officials and by the people, with a patent sincerity of welcome; for he has shown himself on close inspection to possess an often rare quality among heroes—that of remaining great after the events which have won them fame.

THE NELSON OF JAPAN

"On the Sixth Night of the Second Moon of the Thirty-seventh year of Meiji," is the way the Japanese start to describe the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War. On that night of 1904 the battle-ship Mikasa lay silent in the harbor of Sasebo, on the western shore of Japan. Summoning before him all his officers, Admiral Heihachiro Togo, the commander, announced: "We sail to-night. Our enemy flies the Russian flag." The rest of the address found no expression in words. The Admiral fixed his eyes on a short dagger which lay on the purple

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cloth before him. A signal was given to the officers to file past. Togo uttered not a word. He looked long at the dagger, then he looked at each man as he passed, and every officer understood the message—that, should the first attack upon the Russian squadron at Port Arthur fail, no Japanese officer should survive the disgrace. Thus opened the first scene of the Russo-Japanese War. It was paralleled by another scene at its close. For weeks before the final battle Japanese scouts had been scouring the waters in every direction for the Russian fleet. It arrived eight days after it was expected. The tactics of the battle merely repeated the success at Port Arthur. Despite the bombastic declarations from St. Petersburg, the Baltic fleet was shattered in an hour. Thus passed incontestably to Japan the command of the seas that lie between the Island Empire and the Asiatic mainland. The credit is due to Admiral Togo. If, at the very beginning, he had not obtained command of the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan, the occupation of Korea, the landing of the second Japanese army on the Liaotung Peninsula, the land capture of Port Arthur by Nogi, and, finally, the victory at Mukden, would have been much more difficult, if not impossible. These epochal events were made possible because of the genius of the man whose watchword was, "Tie your helmet-strings tighter." In their effect on Japan Togo's exploits off Port Arthur and Tsushima were as important as the effect of Trafalgar on Great Britain.

JAPAN'S TURN NEXT

President Taft, in the toast to the Emperor of Japan at the dinner to Admiral Togo, extended to Japan an invitation to join the United States, Great Britain, and France in an all-inclusive arbitration treaty. He said:

> I gladly acknowledge the important part which Japan has played in facilitating this noble achievement by its prompt and unreserved recognition, in the recent Anglo-Japanese agreement, of the great moral principle of arbitration, and I entertain the hope, with confidence, that the time may be not far distant when Japan will see fit to join in the movement now so auspiciously inaugurated.

To this invitation, in the nature of the case, Admiral Togo could make no other response than that of graceful acknowledgment. The text of the treaties with Great Britain and France has now been published in full. It confirms the summary which The Outlook gave last week. It obviates the difficulties, which The Outlook has pointed out, in the way of a treaty which should in terms refer all questions of every nature to judicial arbitrament. If differences arise between two nations which either country thinks are not justiciable (that is, are not of a kind which can be settled by a tribunal), the question shall be referred to a commission of inquiry composed of representatives of the two Governments, and, if such commission decides that the dispute should be arbitrated, their decision will be binding on the two nations. This international treaty marks a further progress toward peaceful arbitrament of international questions, and is the more heartily to be welcomed because it frankly recognizes that there may be questions which cannot be settled by a court, and provides for possible diplomatic adjustment of such questions without resort to arms. We can see no reason why Japan should not unite with England, France, and the United States in the adoption of this carefully-thought-out programme of peace. We hope the day is not far distant when Germany will also adopt it.

DRINKING THE HEMLOCK

The English people are fond of compressing the meaning of an acute political situation into an epigrammatic phrase. "Drinking the hemlock" has been the expressive catchword of the final phase of the contest between the Commons and the Lords. On Thursday evening of last week the House of Lords tossed off with unexpected good grace the draught which had been brewing for them since they threw out the Lloyd-George Budget, only a small minority of the peers making a wry face and attempting to upset the goblet. The "die-in-the-last-ditchers" mustered one hundred and fourteen votes against the final passage of the Parliament Bill—which absolutely excludes the Lords from any participation in financial legislation, and leaves them on ordinary legislation without a veto and with only the power

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of securing delay—when it was returned from the House of Commons, not a few of these votes being cast, according to the press despatches, as was the case with the Budget, by "backwoodsmen." For the second time within two years the spectacle was presented of noble Lords coming into the Gilded Chamber for the first time in their lives in order to vote for the preservation of the power which they had never been willing to do their share in wielding. The ultimatum to the "die hards" was delivered by Lord Morley. He declared in unequivocal terms that the King had consented, in the event of the measure being defeated, to the creation of a sufficient number of peers to guard against any possible combination of the different groups of the Opposition which might expose the bill a second time to defeat. He declared that the matter deserved an answer plain, deliberate, and beyond all cavil and mistake, and ended by saying: "Every vote given against my motion . . . is a vote given in favor of a large and prompt creation of peers." This unqualified declaration removed the last hope of any of the Opposition that the King, while he had agreed to create peers if it could not be avoided, would not be willing to create the very large number—almost if not quite five hundred—that would be necessary to "swamp" a united Conservative opposition. When the division finally came, over three hundred peers, under the leadership of Lord Lansdowne, abstained from voting; the unconquerable opposition mustered, as we have said, one hundred and fourteen votes; while the Government, by the aid of twenty or thirty Conservative peers who were unwilling to see the membership of their order doubled, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and nine other bishops, and of its own minority of loyal Liberal peers, secured a vote of one hundred and thirty-one. The veto of the Lords is gone. Whether, when the swing of the pendulum has brought the Conservative forces back into power at Westminster, an attempt will be made to restore the veto, and whether if the attempt is made it can be successful, it would be too much like prophecy to attempt to answer. But it would perhaps not be so dangerous to predict that any renewal of the power of the second chamber will come to a House of Lords of far different composition from that which has taken part in the greatest political crisis in Great Britain since the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832.

RECIPROCITY IN CANADA

The result of the reciprocity discussion in Canada has been the agreement by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal Premier, to submit the question to the people. Sir Wilfrid does this with confidence as to the result, for he has the double advantage of having behind him Old Canada and New Canada. A native of the great province of Quebec, a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, Sir Wilfrid well understands how to appeal to all the liberally inclined among his own race and his co-religionists. They have contributed to his power during many years; he has been Premier since 1906. On the other hand, Sir Wilfrid now holds New Canada in the hollow of his hand—the great new agricultural provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, only in part developed and yet with power to supply, if necessary, all Britons with grain. Between the province of Quebec and these lie the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba. Ontario, as the stronghold of the protectionists and manufacturers, may reject Sir Wilfrid and reciprocity; Manitoba, on the other hand, as an agricultural province, is expected to tell a different story. The extreme east and the extreme west—that is to say, the small eastern provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island and the great western areas of British Columbia and the Yukon—are more doubtful. Sir Wilfrid's Parliamentary majority has been forty-five. It will be interesting to see whether it will be materially changed by the elections on September 21. If the elections were to be held on the single issue of reciprocity, the result could be more easily foretold, for, as in the United States, so in Canada, a majority of people want to put an end to unreasonable protective duties. A system of reciprocal trade relations ought to exist between two countries like the United States and Canada, which have the same labor cost, cost of living, and wealth per head of population. In the case of the

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United States and Canada this economic argument is immensely enforced by the moral argument. For here are two peoples of the same race, traditions, social, political, and religious ideals and aspirations, and endeavoring to attain those ideals by practically the same methods. Unfortunately, however, for a campaign fought out on a single clearly cut issue, the Canadian Conservative leaders have tried to divert attention from it, and to complicate the whole situation, by promising to their constituents, in return for placing them in power, a series of Government undertakings in behalf of the people—such as Government owned and operated grain elevators at railway terminals on Lake Superior, a Government-owned railway to Hudson Bay, etc. On these features, together with the Government's naval policy, unpopular in some quarters, and the annexation bogey—hardly alive, impish cartoons and facetious speeches to the contrary—the Conservatives are relying for success. Whatever be the strength of the others, the annexation feature may prove embarrassing if reference be made to history. For, turning to the period (1854–1866) of the previous reciprocity arrangement with Canada, we note that, while prior to it there was serious annexation talk, during it the talk subsided. Canada as a nation arose and the integrity of the British Empire was safe. The same results, in our estimation, would follow another trial of reciprocity.

THE HONDURAN AND NICARAGUAN LOANS

Last week the texts were made public of the proposed Honduran and Nicaraguan treaties. The first was sent to the Senate by the President last January; the second, last June. As he says, from an early period of our history it has been alike the policy and the moral obligation of our Government to aid in all that tends to increase the stability of American republics. With regard to Central America, the most important event in this connection occurred in 1907, when, with the co-operation of Mexico, we initiated and accomplished a peace pact agreed to among the five Central American Republics. Two of those Republics, Honduras and Nicaragua, are now in dire financial need. Insufficient revenue has induced repeated foreign loans, and these have been unwisely incurred without adequately providing for meeting the interest due. The result has been defaulted payments and the inevitable incurring of still more onerous debts through still more burdensome loans. We cannot permit the two Republics to remain in this condition, particularly as both have been, and continue to be, footballs of contending elements of personal ambition and political unrest. Believing that a strong Honduras and a strong Nicaragua would tend enormously toward a stable and prosperous Central America, the Administration is supporting a plan for their financial rehabilitation; in other words, with the consent of the Senate, it would afford a legitimate security for investments in Central America by recognizing such relation as the Governments of Honduras and Nicaragua may create between the payments due to the lenders and a proper portion of the customs revenue. The good results of such an arrangement are shown by the arrangement made in 1907 under the Roosevelt Administration with Santo Domingo. Under our supervision the augmented revenue of the Dominican Republic not only adequately provides for Governmental needs, but actually yields a surplus greater in amount than was the State's total revenue before the initiation of the present system of collection! Besides this, to remove the collecting function from local control also removes one of the principal incentives to revolution, for, of course, the cupidity of malcontents is always excited by the material profit to be gained by an even brief control of the custom-houses. On its side, the Republic is freed from apprehension of intervention on the part of creditor nations. As we have helped Santo Domingo, why should we not help Honduras and Nicaragua? The treaties provide that we shall aid them to refund their debts and to adjust their claims, and that loans to be made in settlement of the above shall be secured upon the customs of the two Republics, the respective Governments agreeing not to alter the import or export customs duties during the existence of the loan, and to appoint, from a list of names to be presented to it and approved by the

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President of the United States, a Collector-General of Customs, who shall administer the customs in accordance with the contract securing the loans. When we think of the responsibility thrown upon us by the Monroe Doctrine, it would seem to be the province of those—especially the Progressives in the Senate—who object to the treaties to consider carefully whether they are, after all, acting progressively. The Outlook wishes to uphold and forward every genuinely progressive attitude, yet such men not only take a wrong view but take one which is certainly a discredit to themselves as well as harmful to the country if they object to good movements simply because they fear that some financial people may be benefited thereby. It is in the interests of civilization, and particularly in the interests of the Central American Republics, that honest and competent American financiers shall help them as is proposed. Of course these financiers will not help them unless they themselves get a reasonable profit, and our intervention in the proposed manner is the only way of preventing shady financiers from getting an unreasonable profit, for in the past the shady financier was almost the only being who was habitually profited by fishing in the turbulent waters of the Central American Republics. Progressive Senators should be progressive, and not obstructive of true progress.

A STATESMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

William Pierce Frye, who represented the State of Maine in the United States Senate for thirty years, and for fifteen years acted as president of that body in the absence of the vice-president, died in Lewiston on August 8. Senator Frye may fairly be described as belonging to the better of two divisions in which conservative leaders of a generation ago may be classed; he was not a petty politician, and yet he was a politician in the main, rising sometimes to statesmanlike qualities, and never becoming a mere tool of great interests. His ability was unquestioned. His knowledge, and especially his knowledge of international affairs, was wide and sound, and he rendered valuable service to the country on the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Frye succeeded James G. Blaine as Senator from Maine; he will be succeeded by a Democrat, as the Maine Legislature is now controlled by that party, and henceforth Maine will have two Democratic Senators at Washington. Mr. Frye was one of the last of the group of Republican Senators which included such men as Morton, Hamlin, Wilson, Conkling, John Sherman, Edmunds, and Morrill. He was an indefatigable worker, a capable speaker, and, tested by recent standards, may be regarded as an ultra-conservative in all such matters as the protective tariff and the control of corporations. But the honesty of his motives is no more to be questioned than his mastery of the arguments and facts on his own side, or his impartiality and clear-headedness as a presiding officer.

THE FLYLESS CITY CAMPAIGN

In a famous passage in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" Uncle Toby bade a fly he had captured to go, saying, "There is room enough in the world for thee and me." Uncle Toby's tolerant attitude toward the common household fly has been generally imitated until within recent years. Recently, and especially during the present summer, there has been conducted in many localities a vigorous crusade against this immemorial household pest, the reasons for which have been made clear by modern medical research and sanitary progress. The insect whose former name of "house fly" gave him a sort of official standing like that of the house cat, has come to be known as the "typhoid fly"—a name suggestive of his participation in the spread of that dangerous disease. Now that we know that the fly is an industrious carrier of germs, the attitude toward it, like that toward the mosquito, has wholly changed, and a campaign of extermination has been entered upon. One newspaper of Washington, D. C., the "Evening Star," is carrying on what it calls "a flyless city campaign." The other day it announced that, as a result of the contest it has started, four million flies had been killed to date. The leader in this destruction is a boy of the age of thirteen, with a credit to his name of 144,200 flies

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destroyed. The school-children have entered with tremendous earnestness into the work of ridding Washington of flies. Stations have been opened to receive the dead flies between 10 and 11 A.M. each day, and, according to the Health Department, Washington is rapidly becoming a flyless city. The highest prize offered for this slaughter of flies is only twenty-five dollars, and entrants must be children under sixteen years of age, the paper furnishing boxes to the contestants in which to place the flies, and the municipal authorities taking upon themselves the counting of the victims and distributing of awards for the prizes. In Columbus, Ohio, the present Mayor is making his campaign for re-election almost wholly upon the record of his administration in banishing flies from Ohio's capital. The Columbus method seems, on the whole, a more practical and scientific one than that of Washington. Flies have practically been banished from Columbus by careful sanitary regulations, and their rigid enforcement, as to the breeding-places of the pests, such as stables, gutters, and places where decaying refuse of all kinds collects. Taking away the means by which flies live and are propagated is evidently a more efficacious and every way better plan of abating a dangerous nuisance than actual killing of the insects. Prevention is every way better than cure. A mayor who can honestly claim that he has effectively, to use the terse but informal phrase of the fly campaigner, "swatted the fly" certainly has claims upon the gratitude and votes of his fellow-citizens.

AN ANCIENT PRESCRIPTION

A lecturer once told of an old Egyptian king who lived some several thousand years before the Christian era. And on the bricks whereon he had inscribed his meditations the archæologists found his lament for the good old days. When we couple with this statement the further fact that an Egyptian prescription three thousand five hundred years old has been found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that it is apparently a cure for hysteria, we seem to have stumbled upon a historical coincidence—a melancholy king and a cure for hysteria. The prescription itself is written on a small piece of limestone about three inches square. It is carefully smoothed for the purposes of its use, forming what is called an ostracon. The writing was done with a brush, black ink or paint being used. It is still quite plain, attesting its victory over time. The inscription is in the old cursive hieratic writing. Some years ago it was noticed by Max Müller, who translated the inscription, though rather unsatisfactorily. Its exact origin has never been determined, as it was brought to this country from Egypt along with a number of other specimens, no record having been made of the source from which it was obtained. The ingredients of this prescription are mainly precious stones, and these were to be ground up and used for fumigation. The idea that it is a cure for hysteria comes from an authority on ancient Egyptian medicines. It seems that remedies of this kind were often resorted to in cases of hysterical manifestations—malachite for the poor (it was quite common), something a little better for those of more means, but in the case of the rich the remedy required must be expensive. It appears that the neurotic affections of the wealthy did not yield lightly to treatment, and, in fact, surrendered only when the most costly stones were used—from which it would seem that the ancients were, after all, quite modern.

A SUBWAY IN ROME

Those sojourners in Rome who have economized time and space by using the tunnel under the Quirinal Palace will appreciate the saving involved in the plan for subways for electric railways under the entire city. The plan is not like that in New York—all up and down; or like that in London—a series of snake-like curves; or like that in Berlin—one big snake. Rome's plan is a cross. One line of the cross is to extend from the well-known Porta del Popolo on the north to the less well-known Porta San Paolo on the south; the other is to extend from the Porta Salaria on the east to the Tiber on the west. The first line will pass under the famous Corso, which connects the Porta del Popolo with the Piazza Venezia. The Piazza Venezia marks the center

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of the city. Between it and the Porta San Paolo the subway will pass under the Capitoline Hill, touch the Forum, cut the Cloaca Maxima (the great sewer of ancient Rome), and then pass under the Palatine and Aventine Hills. The east-and-west line may be even more important from the standpoint of population, for it will connect the crowded part of the western portion of the city, situated in the great bend of the river opposite the Castle of Sant' Angelo, with the newer residential quarters on the slopes of the Pincian Hill and stretching away to the east, occupying the area formerly known as the Villa Ludovisi, and beyond. As the population of Rome has trebled during the past forty years, some picturesque parts of the old city have been destroyed to make way for huge and often extremely unæsthetic apartment-houses and the new streets which serve them; in other and remoter regions beyond the walls, apartment-houses have also been built; the immense area to the east in which the American Academy has had its recent home is an example. The proposed subway system should prevent the destruction of more of the old Rome and help the extension of the new. At all events, with regard to transportation facilities, Rome will now take its place with other world capitals.

HERCULANEUM

At last the world may properly expect something from Herculaneum of interest as illustrating the life of old times. It ought to be of equal interest with the rich material which has come from the excavations at Pompeii. Herculaneum and Pompeii, both situated on the Bay of Naples, south of the present city of that name, were favorite resorts of the Romans. Herculaneum was the patrician resort; Pompeii, the plebeian. Herculaneum lies nearer Naples than does Pompeii, and the immense suburb of Portici rests on the lava which came from the eruption of Vesuvius. On the lava which covered Pompeii, farther away, houses and gardens were constructed, and hence the work of excavating Pompeii was comparatively simple. That of excavating Herculaneum, however, must necessarily be much more difficult and complex. And yet it will be worth while if scholars and others may see the remains of what was the oldest, most beautiful, and richest city of the southern shore at the time of Cicero, who speaks of it, as do most of the historians of his time. Herculaneum lay buried for centuries. In 1719 the Duc d'Elbeuf, a French nobleman who had a villa at Portici, discovered some bits of marble lying at the bottom of a well. They aroused his curiosity. He began digging, and disclosed fragments of statues. In 1738 the King of Naples began excavations in earnest, and they yielded marvelous results. A century later, by tunneling, other treasures were brought to light. That must necessarily be the present method of research. With characteristic generosity, the King of Italy has given $100,000 from his private purse, and the Government has appropriated double that amount to begin the latest and, of course, by far the most extensive and scientific excavations. They are being directed by the Minister of Public Instruction in the Italian Cabinet.

MENDACIOUS JOURNALISM

To the pernicious evil of mendacious journalism The Outlook has found cause from time to time to call attention. That it is oftener punished in England than here our readers are probably aware. Practically speaking, false publications damaging to political opponents, especially if made in the heat of an electioneering campaign, are never punished here, though perhaps resented in rare suits for libel which never come to trial. How much worse such offenses fare in England appears in a case recently tried. A defeated candidate in the last Parliamentary election claimed damages for an alleged libel in an electioneering paper for which his successful competitor was responsible. This had alleged that the plaintiff had acted against the interests of certain copartnership fishermen on the question of their exemption from the provisions of the Employers' Liability Bill. A letter of this import signed "Fisherman," which had appeared in the defendant's paper, was particularized as libelous. On cross-examination the defendant admitted that he had found, upon inquiry, that this letter was not written by a fisherman. The jury awarded the

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plaintiff £1,000 damages—a verdict which English public opinion is sufficiently healthy to sustain. Now that American public opinion is being aroused by intolerable evils to imitate the British Corrupt Practices Act, as in recent legislation in Oregon, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, and at Washington, for untainted elections, there is more hope of some time seeing a similar curb on the output of political falsehoods by unscrupulous journals. The English libel law occasionally seems too severe in its application. Quite recently a novelist was condemned to pay damages to a lady who sued him for giving her family name to a reprehensible character in one of his stories. His plea that he had been utterly ignorant of the coincidence availed him nothing. Such an accident may befall by pure chance. The present writer once found his grandmother's name and surname unconsciously given by a story-writer to a fictitious character—a worthy woman, however, as it happened. An English newspaper publisher was mulcted not long since for printing a severe criticism of a theatrical play—a result which created some astonishment and alarm among honest men as threatening the legitimate freedom of the press. British democracy can be relied on to take security against its too rigorous restriction. American democracy needs to profit by the example of its kinsmen, and to make the exorbitant liberty here exercised by the inventors and printers of political and other calumnies as dangerous to them as it should be.

EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THE JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA

Superficial observers in the Far East, or observers who see things out of due proportion, frequently call attention to the rapid progress made by the Japanese in military science and the industrial arts, and contrast it with what is assumed to be their backwardness in morality and religion, and their alleged indifference to education that does not serve a selfish practical purpose. "The Japanese," it is said, "have borrowed our science and our machinery, and have taken from us the knowledge and the methods that seemed most likely to increase their wealth and power; but they have paid little attention to the moral bases of Occidental character. They have apparently accepted our civilization, but they have accepted merely its mechanism, not its ideals." Foreigners who have had an opportunity to read the current literature of Japan, to study its penal institutions, or to become familiar with the text-books used in the teaching of morals in its public schools do not need to be told that such statements are based on imperfect knowledge of the facts and insufficient acquaintance with Japanese character. There is, however, a large class of readers who are compelled to get their information concerning things Japanese from second-hand sources, and who are liable to be misled by plausible assertions confidently made and often repeated. Such readers will find a certain suggestiveness, at least, in the latest reports of Japanese educational and religious work in Manchuria. The South Manchuria Railway—a purely Japanese corporation—has adopted the science, machinery, and methods of the West, and has made them so profitable that it can afford to pay good dividends on its stock, while the Russian continuation of the same railway in northern Manchuria is still run at a loss. The Japanese company, however, in its money-making application of Western methods has not wholly lost sight of Western ideals. Two or three years ago it began the establishment of a chain of railway clubs, modeled after the Young Men's Christian Associations of the West, and differing from the latter only in the substitution of general moral training for definite religious instruction in its lecture-rooms and classes. This chain of clubs now covers the entire line of the railway, and gives recreation and moral education to practically the whole force of employees. A regular corps of teachers is employed, and additional instructors are brought over from Japan to give lectures on special topics. The railway company pays all expenses, and the president, vice-president, and a number of the directors recently visited all the clubs—even the smallest of them—and stimulated the interest and activity of the members by means of addresses and personal talk. The general manager of this chain of clubs, Mr. S. Otsuka, is a Christian convert, and was formerly one of the national secretaries of the Young

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Men's Christian Association of Japan. All of his associates are also members of Christian churches, although they are not expected to carry on a Christian propaganda in the railway clubs. In the latter, as in the public schools of Japan, moral instruction is based on the observed results of human experience, not on the dogmas of any system of theology.

AN AMERICAN EPIDEMIC

It is an old proverb that slander loves a shining mark. American political history demonstrates and illustrates its truth. Slander may not be more venomous in a republic than in a monarchy, but it is more public. It whispers in the ear at court, it trumpets from the housetop in democracy. Neither character nor public service is any insurance against slander. The nobler the character and the greater the public service, the greater is the victory of successful slander. The best men in our history have been the men most venomously slandered.

There are several reasons for this. In political campaigns the combatants know no laws of war. Political warfare is not civilized combat. Any canard is justified if it succeeds. Only the unbelievable lie is condemned. In a community where all men are equal there are not wanting men who show their passion for equality by attempting to pull their fellows down to their own level. If one cannot win honors for himself, he can perhaps rob his competitor of honors fairly won. Scandal is news, and the more incredible the scandal, the more interesting the news. The spirit in men which is the opposite of that love which thinketh no evil and rejoiceth not in iniquity furnishes a profitable market for the wares of the scandalmonger. So the American "school for scandal" is well endowed and well served by liars who are as ingenious in their invention as they are unscrupulous in using it.

The Presidency is the highest office in the gift of the American people. To that office they call the men whom they most delight to honor. By common consent to-day, among the most eminent of the men who have filled that office are Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Cleveland. Here are some of the things which their contemporaries said of these four men whom history honors as among the greatest of American statesmen:

WASHINGTON

"No wonder we see such pusillanimity in the President when we see so little enterprise in the general."

"Monopolies of every kind marked your Administration almost in the moment of its commencement. The lands obtained by the Revolution were lavished on partisans; the interests of the disbanded soldiers were sold to the speculator."

"The granting of so large a sum [for his expenses as general] had the bad effect of adding the weight of avarice to that of ambition."

"Mr. Washington has been twice a traitor," has "authorized the robbery and ruin of the remnant of his own army," has "broke the Constitution" . . . "the extravagant popularity possessed by this citizen reflects the utmost ridicule on the discernment of Americans."

"As for you, sir, treacherous in private friendship . . . and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

"Washington had been overdrawing his salary in defiance of law, and had actually stolen in this way $4,750. What will posterity say of the man who has done this thing? Will it not say that the mask of political hypocrisy has been worn by Cæsar, by Cromwell, and by Washington?"

"His character can only be respectable while it is not known; he is arbitrary, avaricious, ostentatious; without skill as a soldier, he crept into fame by the places he has held, and by the success of the cause he espoused."

"He was fast debauching the country. . . . He was seeking a crown. . . . He was passing himself off as an honest man."

"The behavior of the President had been highly improper. It had been highly monarchical. He deserved to be impeached."

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the United States has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation

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was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington."

JEFFERSON

"The whole host of Presidential sycophants are challenged to justify him by the example of any nation in any age. . . . In the annals of Jacobinism alone could a President be found so totally subversive of every principle of justice."

"It exhibits such a breach of official propriety, as well as misapplication of public money, as ought ever after to have deprived him of the confidence of the people."

"I have long been in the habit of contemplating your Excellency as one of the completest ensamples of political cunning."

"He was a debtor to British merchants before the Revolutionary War, and pursued measures to defraud his creditors."

LINCOLN

"From the first hour that he showed his hand until the present time, his doings have been those of a despot, of a usurper, of a man ruthlessly trampling on the Constitution, the laws, and the rights of the people of the country."

"If the President had not thrown himself before slavery as its shield, the Rebellion and all its forces would have gone down in six months."

"Events crushed him, not conscience, nor justice, nor God. In assuming the Presidency, he considered himself as bound to lay aside his conscience toward right and wrong, and, of course, toward God."

"Lincoln has betrayed the people. . . . He is a cancer in the body politic. . . . He is a weathercock turning as the wind blows in Kentucky."

"The slave hound of Illinois."

"Lincoln, who can neither carry on war, nor wants to listen to peace, the destroyer of the country, who remains unmoved in the face of the greatest misery, and who can crack jokes like a Nero while Rome is burning—this stupid and heartless man whom the people in an unhappy hour, to their everlasting disgrace and misfortune, put at the head of this Republic—this so-called honest but in reality out-and-out hypocritical Abraham Lincoln, has no party among the Germans of St. Louis."

"This war will last as long as Mr. Lincoln can retain himself in office."

"Lincoln offers us each a farm four feet by six."

"Vote for Lincoln and you vote for yourself a coffin."

"Are you a Union man? This is precisely what Lincoln is not."

These aspersions appear mild by the side of a speech of the Hon. A. Oakey Hall, District Attorney of New York, who charged President Lincoln with the following offenses:

1. Treason.
2. Homicide by culpable negligence.
3. Marine arson, or burning the ships on the high seas.
4. Burglary.
5. Robbery in the second degree.
6. Perjury on an official oath.
7. Kidnapping and false imprisonment.
8. Common law offense of blasphemy, profanity, and obscenity.
9. Bribery.
10. Common law offense, well known to common law lawyers, of obstructing the course of justice and the Government.
11. Embezzlement and peculation.
12. Obtaining money by false pretenses.
13. Forgery of official records.
14. A species of mayhem, mutilation of the person by branding.
15. Forcible entry and detainer connected with riot and affrays.
16. A kind of misdemeanor that may be characterized as thimblerigging.

CLEVELAND

"He is like the soldiers described as invisible in war and invincible in peace."

"By what authority does Grover Cleveland set himself up as a dictator over Congress?"

"The self-constituted dictator who was last spring installed in the White House by a confidence game."

"Mr. Cleveland learned his lesson from his friends in Wall Street, who between them all let him into good things, by which he is recently said to have become a millionaire."

"Now the same President who has been fighting the battles of monopolies strikes an attitude, rolls his eyes, and declaims against the trusts and combinations. . . . Was ever such hypocrisy known in American life?"

"Fortunate for the country, he will no longer be able to force his brutal,

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ignorant, and obstinate policies upon the country."

"Mr. Cleveland wouldn't vote for a candidate running on the Ten Commandments, if the candidate had not secretly mortgaged himself to Wall Street and agreed to obey without question any orders emanating therefrom."

These are not the utterances of irresponsible or anonymous peddlers of billingsgate. They are culled from the published utterances of persons and presses of eminence, such as Thomas Paine, James Thompson Callendar, Philip Freneau, Benjamin Franklin Bache, Cæsar Augustus Rodney, the Rev. George B. Cheever, A. Belmont, Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips, W. J. Bryan, and such newspapers as the New York "World," the New York "Times," and the New York "Tribune." Their fabricators were representative men; all of them were men of public reputation. Some reader may question the accuracy of that description as applied to Thomas Paine; but when Thomas Paine wrote as he did of George Washington he was perhaps the most popular pamphleteer in the country. And we have given here specific quotations, not general summaries, since the reader might imagine that the latter inaccurately represented the spirit of the writers.

The slander which vilified Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Cleveland is still busy and still unscrupulous. When there is nothing it can misinterpret, it misreports; when there is nothing it can color, it creates. These slanderers of our public men are doing what they can to destroy our free institutions. Some years ago a wise observer of our American life cautioned us against our careless indifference to these criminal assaults on our public men. We pay our servants small salaries. We hedge them about with limitations in the faith that the way to protect ourselves from the danger of corrupt servants is to distrust all servants. And we reward their service with vulgar lampoons and lying scandals. And then we complain that the best men refuse to take office. To be a politician ought to be a public honor. We do what we can to make it a public disgrace.

Nevertheless, if it be true that a lie will make the circuit of the globe while truth is putting on its boots to follow, it is also true that lies die of their own inanity, and truth does not die. The whole world honors the names of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Cleveland, and has long since forgotten their enemies, persecutors, and slanderers. And we may rest assured that in this respect the future will repeat the experience of the past, and the real leaders of to-day will be remembered and honored when the men who have attempted to belittle them lie forgotten in unhonored graves.

PROMOTING CRIME

"We need more of what the theologians call 'the hatred of sin' in our modern life;" this sentence in the article on another page, on "Sentimentalism and Crime," The Outlook wishes to emphasize. "Abhor that which is evil" is a wise counsel of sternness. Crime is sin against society. We laugh at it; pity it; placate it; compromise with it; ignore it. We do not abhor it.

The function of the criminal courts and criminal law is the protection of society. The best way to protect society from a criminal is to reform him. The worst way is to send him back into the community under a suspended sentence to go on with his crime. The next worst way is to send him to jail for a few weeks or to prison for a few years, and then send him back, hardened and embittered, to resume his trade. We hold this to be axiomatic: No man convicted of a crime should be set free to continue his criminal career. He should be kept under reformatory influences until he has given satisfactory evidence that he is sincerely resolved to earn an honest living and is able to earn an honest living. This applies to crimes against property. The same fundamental principle applies to crimes against the person. No person whose crime proves that his lack of self-control is perilous to society should be let loose on the community until he has been effectively trained to self-control. If this involves imprisonment for life, for life he should be imprisoned. The interests of the criminal and the interests of the community are not opposed. Their real interests are identical. It is the criminal's real interest to be

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reformed. It is the real interest of the community that he be reformed. A proved criminal should never be let loose on the community unreformed.

A law providing that it shall be unlawful to question a defendant after his arrest is a move in exactly the wrong direction. The law should require that he be questioned. But this questioning should not be done by any chance policeman into whose hands he happens to come. It should be done, as it is in France, before a magistrate skilled in the art of examination. It should be open and aboveboard—though not necessarily, probably not ever, open to the public or to reporters. The accused should have a right to have a friend present. He should be permitted to keep silence. But he should be told that in the public trial the fact that he had an opportunity to explain and refused will tell against him. Two hundred years ago we needed to protect the individual against society. Now we need to protect society against the individual. And we are very slow to learn the change.

COMMERCIALISM IN ART

It is not easy to destroy the genius of a people, but it is possible to divert it for a time from its natural channels, to confuse and bewilder it, and to blur its charm and sacrifice its originality. This is often the disastrous first result of the contact of a fine native talent with the taste and standards of another civilization. The loss to the world through the attempt of the East to adapt its arts to Western tastes is already great; if it proves to be permanent, it will perceptibly impoverish art. Thus, it is depressing to note the deterioration of the color, tone, and quality of the Oriental rug since Eastern looms became sensitive to the Western market. A wide demand by new customers never goes unheeded by wise business men, and the adaptation of things for sale to the needs and tastes of possible consumers is a primary law of successful commerce; but where art becomes desirable for decoration or furnishing or elegance of life its fate hangs in the balance. If it succumbs to alien influence, it sooner or later loses even its commercial value. The genius of a race is its most characteristic and precious possession, the most vital and valuable quality it can contribute to civilization, and any sacrifice of its individuality impairs the race.

This loss of soul and of workmanship as well—for when the life goes out the body begins to decay—comes not only when alien taste is permitted to change the quality of the creation of racial genius, but when art begins to let a market shape its product. It is as true of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture as of the spiritual world that he who strives to save his life loses it, and he who is willing to lose it saves it. The temptation to shape the product of a man's genius to the demands of the hour is fatal in the long run, not only to the originality and compelling charm of an artist's work, but to its commercial value. Commercialism in art enters at this point. There is widespread confusion of thought with regard to this whole matter of the relation of the artist to the practical side of life. Many writers, painters, sculptors, and musicians lack what is called the practical sense, and go through the world like children who have not yet reached the age of discretion. For these children of genius society ought to have a deep and helpful sympathy; for to them it owes many of its rarest possessions. When service becomes the chief factor in the scheme of payment in the world, the men and women who enrich the earth with beauty and sweeten life with faith and inspiration and vision will not be left to struggle in the ditch while they study the stars.

It is one of the many popular delusions about art and artists, however, that men and women of artistic gift are always ineffective in dealing with affairs; and that to possess a sound judgment in such matters is to have the commercial spirit in one's work. The fact that a man can paint a great picture or write a great poem does not make it impossible for him to drive a nail straight. As a matter of fact, there have been many men of artistic genius who have had uncommon faculty for driving nails straight. Leonardo da Vinci painted with the best men of his age, and had a practical genius as well. The Ariel in Shakespeare was twin brother to the Horatio in him; and the wonderful

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imagination which built cloud-capped palaces was in partnership with a very successful man of affairs, and one of the best-loved companions of his time.

An artist is not commercial because he happens to have what is called common sense, and knows not only the value of things but their prices as well. An artist is not commercial when he gets the best price for his work. He is commercial when he shapes it for a market instead of fashioning it to express freely, and without regard for the taste of the moment or the demand of his contemporaries, his own genius. The commercial element comes in at the creation of a work of art, not at its disposition. The most fastidious and proudly incorruptible poet of the last generation wrote what he chose and as he chose; but when his work was done he was conspicuously shrewd in disposing of it. It is not a popular thing to say, but it is true, that many of the noblest artists have worked for money; but they have sold their time and skill, not their conviction and genius. Rembrandt painted many portraits because they were ordered; to put it baldly, he sold portraits. But he painted the portraits to satisfy himself, not his sitters. He poured his marvelous and luminous vitality into them.

This vitality we call genius—the most mysterious and precious gift in the world, and the gift to which men, whether they know it or not, attach the greatest value. If they desire to hang a Velasquez or a Monet on their walls, they want the most individual and characteristic work of either master they can find; if they want to make the acquaintance of Dickens, they ask which of the novels shows his quality most clearly—in a word, which story flowed most directly from the depths of his nature; and people soon learn which of the "best sellers" was written to secure that questionable distinction, and which has secured it incidentally to the long popularity which we call fame; which novel was manufactured for the market, and which was the characteristic and free expression of the genius of the writer. The curse of commercialism lies in the fact that it robs a work of art of its perfect sincerity and originality by possessing the artist's mind in that hour of birth when the work ought to possess the soul with that passion for perfection which has filled the world with visions of ravishing beauty.

THE STEEL CORPORATION AND THE PANIC OF 1907

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ON Saturday, August 5, in compliance with the request of the Chairman of the Congressional Committee investigating the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the Steel Corporation, I appeared before that body. I had nothing new to which to testify. There was not a fact of the slightest importance or of the slightest bearing upon my action which was not already known, and which had not been known from the time I acted; and incidentally I may mention that this is also true as regards Panama, the dealings of my Administration with the Sugar Trust or any other trust, and as to any other action of my Administration. Nobody need feel either concern or hope as to whether anything done by my Administration will be "discovered," for the excellent reason that there is nothing that was hidden.

I made to the Committee the statement which follows. Several questions were then asked by different members of the Committee. Most of these questions dealt with matters not of sufficient moment to warrant allusion to them here. Many of them were as to what my belief was concerning the motives of the Steel Corporation people in acquiring the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company's property; to which, of course, my answer was that it was not my business, and neither was it in my power, to search the hidden domain of motive, and that my action was conditioned, not upon what I believed to be the motives actuating the Steel Corporation,

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but upon my belief that the action which they proposed taking would be enormously to the benefit of the community at large at that particular moment. Whether the chief motive for their action was a desire to absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, or whether their chief motive was to save the threatened New York firm from failure, and thereby stop the panic, was of no concern to me. That both motives were in their minds I thought possible, and now think possible. What was the predominant motive was of no consequence. My concern was that the action should be taken and the situation saved in the interests of the people of the United States. Most individuals have short memories, and the events in question took place nearly four years ago; but if any one will look back and think the matter over seriously and in good faith, he will understand that it was not a question of saving any bank or trust company from failure; the question was of saving the plain people, the common people, in all parts of the United States from dreadful misery and suffering; and this was what my action did. One of the questions put to me indicated disbelief, or, to be more accurate, perhaps I should say that it was meant to be understood as indicating disbelief, that the action taken was really efficient in stopping the panic. At the time, and for some months after the panic had been stopped, no man would have ventured to express such disbelief unless prepared to be greeted with derision by every human being who knew anything whatever of the actual facts. The question is not to be treated seriously, for it cannot be so treated. The action taken was, in my judgment, the only action that could stop the panic, and it most certainly was of enormous, and in all human probability of decisive, influence in actually stopping it.

Certain other questions related to the alleged fact that during the past four years the ore lands formerly owned by the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company have been developed until they are of such enormous importance as to give to the Steel Corporation nearly complete control of the steel business, through control of the sources of the raw material. Whether or not this is so has no bearing upon the action taken four years ago. The purchase as made did not by itself, one way or the other, affect the status of the Steel Corporation so far as the Sherman Law was concerned; and this statement is not affected by consideration of what may or may not be a totally different state of affairs four years later. I dealt with facts as they were, not with facts as they might or might not afterwards become. I believe that this covers every point of any consequence raised in the questions put to me after I had made my statement. The statement itself is as follows:

In the fall of 1907 there were severe business disturbances and financial stringency, culminating in a panic which arose in New York and spread over the country. The damage actually done was great, and the damage threatened was incalculable. Thanks largely to the action of the Government, the panic was stopped before, instead of being merely a serious business check, it became a frightful and Nation-wide calamity, a disaster fraught with untold misery and woe to all our people. For several days the Nation trembled on the brink of such a calamity, of such a disaster.

During these days both the Secretary of the Treasury and I personally were in hourly communication with New York, following every change in the situation, and trying to anticipate every development. It was the obvious duty of the Administration to take every step possible to prevent appalling disaster by checking the spread of the panic before it grew so that nothing could check it. And events moved with such speed that it was necessary to decide and to act on the instant, as each successive crisis arose, if the decision and action were to accomplish anything. The Secretary of the Treasury took various actions, some on his own initiative, some by my direction. Late one evening I was informed that two representatives of the Steel Corporation wished to see me early the following morning, the precise object not being named. Next morning, while at breakfast, I was informed that Messrs. Frick and Gary were waiting at the office. I at once went over, and, as the Attorney-General, Mr. Bonaparte, had not yet arrived from Baltimore, where he had

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been passing the night, I sent a message asking the Secretary of State, Mr. Root, who was also a lawyer, to join us, which he did. Before the close of the interview, and in the presence of the three gentlemen named, I dictated a note to Mr. Bonaparte, setting forth exactly what Messrs. Frick and Gary had proposed, and exactly what I had answered—so that there might be no possibility of misunderstanding. This note was published in a Senate Document while I was still President, and is already spread on the minutes of your Committee. It runs as follows:

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, November 4, 1907.

My Dear Mr. Attorney-General:

Judge E. H. Gary and Mr. H. C. Frick, on behalf of the Steel Corporation, have just called upon me. They state that there is a certain business firm (the name of which I have not been told, but which is of real importance in New York business circles), which will undoubtedly fail this week if help is not given. Among its assets are a majority of the securities of the Tennessee Coal Company. Application has been urgently made to the Steel Corporation to purchase this stock as the only means of avoiding a failure. Judge Gary and Mr. Frick informed me that as a mere business transaction they do not care to purchase the stock; that under ordinary circumstances they would not consider purchasing the stock, because but little benefit will come to the Steel Corporation from the purchase; that they are aware that the purchase will be used as a handle for attack upon them on the ground that they are striving to secure a monopoly of the business and prevent competition—not that this would represent what could honestly be said, but what might recklessly and untruthfully be said.

They further informed me that, as a matter of fact, the policy of the company has been to decline to acquire more than sixty per cent of the steel properties, and that this purpose has been persevered in for several years past, with the object of preventing these accusations, and, as a matter of fact, their proportion of steel properties has slightly decreased, so that it is below this sixty per cent, and the acquisition of the property in question will not raise it above sixty per cent. But they feel that it is immensely to their interest, as to the interest of every responsible business man, to try to prevent a panic and general industrial smash-up at this time, and that they are willing to go into this transaction, which they would not otherwise go into, because it seems the opinion of those best fitted to express judgment in New York that it will be an important factor in preventing a break that might be ruinous; and that this has been urged upon them by the combination of the most responsible bankers in New York who are now thus engaged in endeavoring to save the situation. But they asserted that they did not wish to do this if I stated that it ought not to be done. I answered that, while of course I could not advise them to take the action proposed, I felt it no public duty of mine to interpose any objections.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte,
Attorney-General.

Mr. Bonaparte received this note in about an hour, and that same morning he came over, acknowledged its receipt, and said that my answer was the only proper answer that could have been made, having regard both to the law and to the needs of the situation. He stated that the legal situation had been in no way changed, and that no sufficient ground existed for prosecution of the Steel Corporation. But I wish it distinctly understood that I acted purely on my own initiative and that the responsibility for the act was solely mine.

I was intimately acquainted with the situation in New York. The word "panic" means fear, unreasoning fear; to stop a panic it is necessary to restore confidence; and at the moment the so-called Morgan interests were the only interests which retained a full hold on the confidence of the people of New York—not only the business people, but the immense mass of men and women who owned small investments or had small savings in the bank and trust companies. Mr. Morgan and his associates were of course fighting hard to prevent the loss of confidence and the panic distrust from increasing to such a degree as to bring any other big financial institutions down; for this would probably have been followed by a general, and very likely a world-wide, crash. The Knickerbocker Trust Company had already failed, and runs had begun on, or were threatened, as regards two other big trust companies. These companies were now on the fighting line, and it was to the interest of everybody to strengthen them, in order that the situation might be saved. It was a matter of general knowledge and belief that they, or the individuals prominent in them, held the securities of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which securities had no

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market value, and were useless as a source of strength in the emergency. The Steel Corporation securities, on the contrary, were immediately marketable, their great value being known and admitted all over the world—as the event showed. The proposal of Messrs. Frick and Gary was that the Steel Corporation should at once acquire the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and thereby substitute, among the assets of the threatened institutions (which, by the way, they did not name to me) securities of great and immediate value for securities which at the moment were of no value. It was necessary for me to decide on the instant, before the Stock Exchange opened, for the situation in New York was such that any hour might be vital, and failure to act for even an hour might make all subsequent effort to act utterly useless. From the best information at my disposal, I believed (and believe) that the addition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron property would only increase the proportion of the Steel Company's holdings by about four per cent, making them about sixty-two per cent instead of about fifty-eight per cent of the total value in the country; an addition which by itself, in my judgment (concurred in, I may add, not only by the Attorney-General but by every competent lawyer with whom I talked), worked no change in the legal status of the Steel Corporation.

Furthermore, I believed that the action was emphatically for the general good, that it offered the only chance for arresting the panic, and that it would probably arrest the panic. I answered Messrs. Frick and Gary, as set forth in my published letter, to the effect that I did not deem it my duty to interfere, that is, to forbid the action which more than anything else in actual fact saved the situation. The result justified my judgment. The panic was stopped, public confidence in the solvency of the threatened institution being at once restored.

Incidentally I may mention that when I was in Birmingham last spring, every man I met, without exception, who was competent to testify informed me voluntarily that the results of the action taken had been of the utmost benefit to Birmingham, and therefore to Alabama, the industry having profited to an extraordinary degree, not only from the standpoint of the business, but from the standpoint of the community at large and of the wage-workers, by the change in ownership. The results of the action I took were beneficial from every standpoint, and the action itself, at the time when it was taken, was vitally necessary to the welfare of the people of the United States.

In my judgment I would have been derelict in my duties, I would have shown myself a timid and unworthy public servant, if in that extraordinary crisis I had not acted precisely as I did act. In every such crisis the temptation to indecision, to non-action, is great, for excuses can always be found for non-action, and action means risk and the certainty of blame to the man who acts. But if the man is worth his salt he will do his duty, he will give the people the benefit of the doubt, and act in any way which their interests demand and which is not affirmatively prohibited by law, unheeding the likelihood that he himself, when the crisis is over and the danger passed, will be assailed for what he has done.

Every step I took in this matter was open as the day, and was known in detail at the moment to all people. The press contained full accounts of the visit to me of Messrs. Frick and Gary, and heralded widely and with acclamation the results of that visit. At the time the relief and rejoicing over what had been done were well-nigh universal. The danger was too imminent and too appalling for men to be willing to condemn those who were successful in saving them from it. But I fully understood and expected that when there was no longer danger, when the fear had been forgotten, attack would be made upon me.

If I were on a sail-boat, I should not ordinarily meddle with any of the gear; but if a sudden squall struck us, and the main sheet jammed, so that the boat threatened to capsize, I would unhesitatingly cut the main sheet, even though I were sure that the owner, no matter how grateful to me at the moment for having saved his life, would a few weeks later, when he had forgotten his danger and his fear, decide to sue me for the value of the cut rope.

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THE TRAMP; OR, CASTE IN THE JUNGLE

BY JAMES FORBES

The author of this article has studied at short range those sections of our criminal and delinquent classes which include beggars, impostors, tramps, and "yeggmen." As the Secretary of the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy he is a leading authority of the country on these representatives of the underworld.—THE EDITORS.

BY tramp tradition, the pioneer professional vagrants of America were two discharged Union soldiers known in tramp lore as "Erie Crip" and "Philly Pop." Long ago "Crip" left the road and is said to have become a justice of the peace in an Indiana town. But the wanderlust never lost its grip on "Pop." Only a few years ago he was a "local rider" on Pennsylvania branch lines, having sunk to the level of the "mush faker," the pariah of the tramp world.

In the early '70's the tramp had become a well-organized fungus growth on the body of society. Railway construction work was on in dead earnest. The restless laborer, seeking to better his condition, changed from camp to camp, and thus contracted wanderlust. Labor troubles, with their long record of violence, bloodshed, arson, and the "black list," put thousands of men on the road, and—so to speak—crystallized the tramp as an institution.

Then, as now, the principal cause of this evil was our industrial system, with its merciless speeding up and crowding of production, followed by panic, and the throwing of hundreds of thousands of workers into idleness.

In trampdom there are a great many more second, third, and fourth rate men than "good people." This article concerns only the vicious class of tramp known as "good people." The "good people"—the self-constituted aristocracy of trampdom—are professional idlers. They ride freight cars about the country, live by begging and petty larceny, and are not averse to the more serious crimes such as temperament dictates or opportunity affords. Of the three hundred and fifty thousand men and boys on the road in the United States to-day probably not more than seventy-five thousand would be eligible to this highes rank. The "mush faker" at the other end of the social scale corresponds in the tramp world to the thief of the criminal world who has lost his nerve and is "bull simple" (afraid of the police), "car simple" (afraid of the cars), or "stir simple" (afraid of the prison). He goes about on foot if he cannot catch a train "lying dead," and usually pursues some ostensible vocation, such as the mending of umbrellas or the peddling of spectacles. He is a superannuated tramp, and the prison, the hospital, the almshouse, and the city streets make such onslaughts on the vagrant body at large that the number of "mush fakers" who reach the age of retirement is so small that it is doubtful if there are more than fifty thousand of this class in the country.

The majority of all tramps are "gay cats"—occasional vagrants. These fellows lack the real love for the road which marks the true-blue tramp. They are not averse to prolonged begging in such cities as will tolerate them, and feel no shame in operating as "mission stiffs," cadging meals and bed tickets from "sky pilots" (clergymen), even at the cost of pretending to be converted.

The third class of "hobo" is the transient workman, distinctly a product of industrial conditions. Numerically, he ranks third. Seasonal laborers from the lumber camps of the Northwest, the wheat-fields of Kansas, the steamers of the Great Lakes, the canals, and the ice companies, where men are employed for a portion of the year only and then left homeless and without family ties, largely make up this class.

There is still another class who, while not legitimately tramps, are often treated as such by the railway men. These are known as "local riders." They are found in large numbers in coal-mining regions and

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manufacturing centers, and make a practice of stealing transportation to and from work.

By the beginning of the '90's, the first generation of tramps had passed away or had been absorbed into almshouses, prisons, and hospitals. But they had left well-defined traditions: hatred of society; caste; a distinct vernacular; devices for defrauding, cajoling, or browbeating the charitable; and a gradually developing system of recruiting. Indeed, if it were not for this peculiar system of recruiting, the ranks of trampdom would be sorely depleted, since the industrial world is not so prone as formerly to supply the annual loss. And this loss is great. Life on the road calls for a heavy toll. Few men undergo as many hardships of weather, hunger, and unattended sickness as the tramp. His intemperate habits contribute heavily to the casualties which his kind suffers. Unavoidable accidents along the lines of railways—and he rarely infests any territory not traversed by trunk lines—stretch the death-list appallingly. From 1901 to 1905, inclusive, fifty railways reported 25,236 trespassers killed, of whom from fifty to seventy-five per cent were tramps.

The great trunk lines have vainly sought to suppress the tramp. He causes heavy losses annually in the lives of trainmen, in hospital bills for aid and amputation and the like. By a curious irony, the company pays for his burial, even if he is killed while in unlawful possession of its rolling stock. Beyond this, the railways are put to the expense and trouble of maintaining extensive police departments. Even the great Pennsylvania system failed, having made the most extended experiments of all in this direction, in keeping its property free from these social derelicts. Thousands of tramps are arrested on the large lines every year. The evil has become a very deluge, the despair alike of economists, sociologists, magistrates, policemen, and jailers.

Of late, even women have definitely abandoned the discipline of employment and lived as outcasts and wanderers, in defiance of society. But so far the number of female vagrants is negligible, and there seems little danger of individual tendencies developing into a popular movement.

From the ranks of men and boys thrown into idleness by some industrial eruption are recruited all tramps of the "gay cat" and "hobo" classes. These are looked down upon by "John Johnson" and "John Yegg," the "good people" and the "hard-boiled people" respectively, who have entered the service as boys, and who carry on wrist and ankle the sign manual of the road. So long as times are bad the "gay cat" and the "hobo" infest the "jungle"—in tramp parlance, "anywhere outside of the cities"—but are again quickly absorbed by reviving industrial conditions. Therefore, they cannot be depended on permanently to maintain the ranks of the "good people."

Following the innate tendency of man to recruit for the field in which he is engaged, but even more so with the purpose of making life easier for himself, the tramp at once secures a drudge to do his bidding and overcome the danger of the decimation of his ranks. It is thus that he has developed the sinister institution known as the "jocker" and the "kid." Quite logically, then, the present generation of vicious tramps or "good people" is recruited almost wholly from boys who have been cajoled or kidnapped within the last ten or fifteen years, trained in beggary and theft and in implicit obedience to the "jocker" or tramp master.

Thousands of boys, some hardly out of knickerbockers, and in many instances mere children, are lured by tramps to the service of the road by wonderful stories of lemonade springs and rock-candy mines. Scarcely a railway town in the country does not mourn the loss of some bright, adventurous boy. Within a year the writer received two complaints, one from a well-known lawyer, the other from a real estate man, of boys kidnapped on New York's West Side and forced on to the road by one "Spike Hennessey."

The railway yards are fertile fields for recruiting. School-boys frequent such places to watch the fascinating operations there. But the most dangerous place of all is the water-tank. Scrawled all over with hieroglyphics, it is a regular bulletin. Here is posted exchange information by tramps resting between trains. The schoolboy, encouraged, joins the circle of men and experienced boys, and hears wonderful tales of adventure and gain to be had by running away from home. If cajolery fails, literal violence is too often employed

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to get the boy aboard a freight train. Here, in a box car, at the mercy of a score of tramps, he has no choice but to throw in his lot with his captors. After a beating or two, he begins to absorb the ethics of his new life. He must beg money, food, clothing, and what-not, that his "jocker" may rest comfortably in camp, or in the saloon, or even in the greater privacy of mixed ale parties in some furnished room, if in town.

Watched with eagle eyes, the youngster tells the stories dictated by his "jocker" and poses as an orphan or waif, "traveling freight" to some point where he has relatives. To make him more successful as a beggar, and at the same time to commit him more definitely to the life of "the road," he is marked on wrist or ankle with lye or cantharides, which causes the formation of sores. These scars are indelible. They are called "lye bugs," and are exhibited—for gain—as the result of industrial accidents. That the boy's vigilance may not relax, the sores are kept raw with carbolic acid at the expense of excruciating pain to the victim. But the process pays his master through the enhanced value of the boy as a money-getter, an art known to the tramp as "throwing the feet." In addition to his work as beggar, the boy is also valet to his "jocker." He shaves him daily, washes his clothes, sews on buttons and the like, and, if he acquit himself creditably, he may cherish ambitions to become a "jocker" himself, with license to "snare" a kid for his own service. However, before he does this he must produce a growth of beard or "fuzz" requiring the daily attentions of a "shiv," since the moral law of trampdom requires that no kid be snared and kept in idleness.

If the boy does not early develop success as mendicant or menial, or if he be not as docile as his "jocker" may require, he is usually "lost" at some convenient point. Many sinister stories obtain of boys being beaten to death or thrown from trains.

Apropos of the charges that tramps murder tramps, President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, writes: "It would be difficult to gather reliable statistics on this point, because a large percentage of the tramps reported as killed on the railways are really murdered. Men returning from the harvest-fields with their wages are killed for their money by their more vicious and criminal fellows, the body is flung from the train while in motion, and the reported death by railway is actually one of homicide."

Many mutilated tramps are continually cast on the streets of our cities, where they exploit as beggars injuries received on the railway. One of the most enterprising of these was Frank McIntyre, known as the "nixey winger" (no arms) kid. One frosty morning McIntyre fell under a train and lost both arms. He now travels as a professional mendicant, with his valet, whom he pays $2 a day.

The tramp of the "good people" class prefers the road at all times. He pays only occasional visits to the larger towns in which "ex-members" have established themselves as saloon-keepers and maintain a rendezvous, or, as he calls it, a "dump." Here the atmosphere is congenial to his kind. Real names are discarded for the "moneker," which every tramp bears, and which is suggested by the section he comes from or some striking peculiarity. Here he meets "Baltimore Blue," "Boston Fish," "Ohio Slim," "Susquehanna Red," or what not. But his stay is short. Long experience has told him that his kind quickly deteriorates, grows physically flabby, in the atmosphere of saloon back-rooms and indulgence in unlimited "suds" and "white line" (alcohol), so readily obtained by "skull-dragging 'em" on the "main stem" (Broadway or the like), "telling the suckers how it happened," and "realizing" in a day of "short plunges" or brief excursions from the bar-room to the street and return. This process yields more "white money" (silver) and "Indians" (pennies) in a day than can be got by a week's hard "battering" (begging) in the "jungle," but it does not compensate for the demoralization of a brief visit in town. In fact, every move of the high-class tramp shows a carefully-thought-out, if not traditional, system of life.

The public does not realize at all what a closely knit organization high-class trampdom really is. Its methods of obtaining and transmitting information are remarkable. Mobile, trained in the dangers of the road, its members, individually

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or in a body, make nothing of crossing the continent to attend a conference of their kind, or to visit the notorious "dump" of some "ex." They "jump" into the Southwest for the winter, or into Maine and Canada for the summer, with expedition and small concern. Without trouble they flock to a Galveston or a San Francisco in the wake of a great disaster that will loosen charitable purse-strings. Still more quickly will they travel thousands of miles to avenge a wrong done a partner or to go to the defense of one of their own people.

But the tramp convention is what tests out the efficiency of the organization. Some twelve years ago Joe Le Bœuf's "dump" in the eastern part of Montreal was selected for a gathering—a sort of giant surprise party to "Frenchy," as Joe had been known on "the road." "Mickey" Gorman, one of the best-known tramp improvisers, celebrated the event in verse, but only a few lines of the effusion have come out from the closely guarded inner life of "the road." Here they are as I got them:

"If you'll give me your attention,
Some facts to you I'll mention
About the bums' convention
That was held at Montreal.

Oh, each gunsel got directions
To go yegg a swag of sections
For the jockers in convention
In the hall at Montreal.

CHORUS

They were hikin' through the tunnels,
Holding onto funnels,
Riding on the gunnels,
On the way to Montreal."

Green Island, Iowa, in the Mississippi River below Keokuk, where two lines of railways cross, is a favorite place for tramp conventions. Here they assemble, as many as four thousand often being present at a time. It is reported that on one occasion seventeen wagon-loads of beer were consumed by the assembly of vagrants in one day. Again, at Bath Beach in 1903, in a fight between "British" and "Curly Rex," upwards of three hundred "good people" attended, and when the fight was over held a big barbecue.

No outsider can appreciate the enthusiasm aroused around the camp-fire in the "jungle" when some tramp with a gift for improvisation puts into rhyme the traditions, the achievements, and the life of the road. In some secluded spot, not too far from a big railway yard at a division point, are gathered about the fire men and boys bound East, West, North, or South, indulging in the highest luxury—that of exchanging confidences or swapping news. Here the "jockers," well served by their "kids," who have "plinged" the "main stem" of the nearest town for "punk" (bread), "guts" (meat), "rags," "brogans," or "sky pieces," but principally the "coin," which has resulted in liberal supplies of liquor, indulge to the limit.

A crowd of "hoboes" or "gay cats" under similar conditions would talk about the chances for work in the various sections traversed by the road. But the real tramp has no use for that sort of thing. He lives habitually by begging. His code of ethics is peculiarly his own. In a vernacular which would puzzle the most experienced detective, "jockers" and "kids" discuss only the matter of supplying their wants, with no thought of drudgery or work. This, that, or the other town is "hostile," and must be shunned. Or a particularly "fresh" railway "bull" (detective) is stationed at such and such a point; the boys must "ditch" at the water-tank and walk around the yard, "makin' her" again as she pulls out on the other side. This they must do till "Topeka Joe," "Winnipeg Harry," or some other gun-fighter of the road comes along with his "cannon" and "croaks the bull." Over yonder is a farmer's barn which was saved from fire by tramps, and its shelter may be enjoyed by any of the "good people." On freight number so and so "captain" and "shack" (conductor and brakeman) will do business for a flask of booze, or a few plugs of tobacco will stand for the "free riders."

As the night advances and liquor mounts to the brains of all, fierce dissensions arise, often ending in the free use of the "shiv" or "smoke-wagon." It often happens that tragedies occur through the disregard of the rights of a "jocker" over his "kid." It is a cardinal precept of the road that in return for the absolute loyalty of the

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"kid" the "jocker" protects him on every occasion.

"Jungle" etiquette ordains that the "kid" shall not raise his voice about the fire unless permitted, and when he does so it is only in order to furnish entertainment by song or recitation. At a nod from his "jocker," Harrigan, the "Billy Kid" sings the following song, which tells the entire story of the recruiting of boys:

"Oh, when I was a little boy
I started for the West,
But I hadn't got no further than Cheyenne
When I met a husky 'burly' [able-bodied tramp]
Who was rather poorly dressed,
And he flagged me with a big lump and a can.

When I saw that cup of coffee,
How it made me think of home!
'Won't you let me have some,'
Said I, 'Good Mister Bum?
Remember, you were once a kid yourself.'

He looked at me quite fiercely
O'er his grizzled, gray mustache;
On his weather-beaten face appeared a frown.
He said, 'You little bummer,
What for should you pling me?
Why don't you batter privates [beg from private houses] up in town?'

He asked me what my age might be;
I told him just sixteen,
That Boston was the town that I came from.
In his eyes appeared a stare,
'I think you I will snare,
For you surely have the makings of a bum.'

He asked me could I steal,
And when I told him 'No,'
I could tell he was delighted by his looks,
For he said the kids he'd with him
Up to the present time
Were all in stir [prison] for thinking they were hooks" [thieves].

Thus the narrator may go on indefinitely so long as it appeals to his audience.

When the boy has attested his loyalty in recitation or song, it becomes the part of the "jocker" to justify himself as the guardian. Usually the case of "Pottsville Al" and his "kid" is selected for example, although that of the "Spider kid" and his "jocker," or of "Chi Slater" and the "star kid," is equally famous.

In 1895 "Pottsville Al" decoyed from home a boy living in one of the smart suburbs of Cincinnati. He was dubbed the "Cincy kid," and his intelligence and good looks made him an excellent money-getter. The boy's parents scoured the country with detectives, and he was presently located and arrested in Oregon. The sleuths then proceeded to take him home. With all his eloquence, and with a view to impress the "kids," the "jungle" orator tells how "Pottsville Al," with grim determination, stuck to the "kid's" trail and reached the home station at the same time with the boy and his captors. He sings of trains made and lost by "Pottsville Al;" of "shacks" and "bulls" bought, cajoled, outwitted, or murderously assaulted; how incredible feats of train-jumping were done; how devices worthy of Ulysses the wily were used in "holding down" "dicers" (fast freights), "rattlers" (passenger trains), and "John O'Briens" (the common or garden variety of freight train). He lifts his voice and dilates upon the suffering of the man riding blind baggage, the rods or the roofs, or even shoveling coal.

The tale or rhyme thus recited really shows the intuition, the infallible skill, of the tramp in gleaning from his fellows or from railway men and the police the various trains taken by the detective and the "kid." And then with one great climax the camp-fire Homer describes the one swift "giving the office" (making the sign) on the Cincinnati platform, and all the work of parents and officers was undone. That night the "Cincy kid" slipped back into the underworld and emerged no more. This is a true story. Some three years ago, in one of the squalid furnished-room houses which cluster on High Street, Brooklyn, in an evil section near the Navy-Yard, there died the wreck of the "Cincy kid." To the end he was loyal to the outcasts who had ruined his life, and they paid him the tribute of a "swell funeral."

The case of "Chi Slater" and the "star kid" is told to show the interest which tramps have in the money-getting capacity of their "kids." Through his excellence in this line, the "star kid" gained his "moneker." He was a nervous, high-strung boy, difficult to control, and the judicious disciplining by Slater is favorably commented upon in trampdom as a means of "holding" a good "kid" who is prone to kick over the traces. In case of dere-

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liction of duty, Slater used to impose a fresh "bug"—sometimes two or three—causing frightful screams from the unhappy "star," but thereby "cinching" his obedience and keeping fresh his capacity as a beggar.

The story of the "Spider kid," told at the camp-fire, is a warning against one "jocker" trying to lure an attractive "kid" from his master. It seems that in a tramp camp near Pueblo, Colorado, the "Spider kid" "croaked" (killed) his own "jocker"—a thing almost unprecedented in the tramp world—because he defeated the boy's plan to join another tramp. The "kangaroo" court sat in the case, and the boy paid for his crime by "greasing the track." The offending "jocker" was beaten, kicked, and cut up by the assembled masters and "kids," and barely escaped with his life.

But, as a rule, the camp-fire group is a merry one. The shadow of tragedy, though always present, is not too obtrusive. An improvisator like "Mickey Gorman" can keep a "push" of tramps in good humor for hours. One of this bard's best-known works is "The Names I Saw Upon the Water-Tank." In singing it the artist must be careful to include the "monekers" of all present, lest offended vanity lead to hostility. The song runs:

"Oh, we left the Coast a month ago
Eastbound for Chicago.
The head shack ditched us in a burg
The other side of Fargo.
Says he, 'And if you are a tramp
And not a bum or chroniker [low-class tramp],
Just mouch down to the water-tank
And there put up your moneker.'

I went down to the water-tank,
It was all marked up with chalk.
There was 'stiffs' from every State
From 'Frisco to New York.
Your attention for a while,
One and all I'll thank,
And I'll mention some of the monekers
Upon that water-tank.

There was 'Conchee Dan' and 'Billy Moran,'
'Big Fish' and 'the Nailer,'
'Cincee Tom' and 'Big Sim Long,'
'Chi Red' and 'Ned the Sailor.'

There was 'Houston Tommy,' 'Big Jack Devanney,'
'Montreal Flip' and 'Boston Tip,'
'Little Pitts Blue' and 'Illinois Shoe,'
'Skinney Yorkey' and 'Porkey.'

There was 'Poison Face Jim' and 'Toledo Slim,'
'New Orleans Dutch' and 'Pa. Crutch,'
'Cariboo' and 'Kalamazoo,'
And a kid they called 'Hokey Pokey.'

There was 'Sammy Slop' and 'Philly Hop,'
'Measlie Mike' the jobber,
'Printer Ted' and 'Painter Red,'
'Eagle Eye Dick' the robber.

There was 'Boston Sticks' and 'Pa. Tricks,'
'Broken-back' and 'Pooch,'
'The Auctioneer' and 'Billy Cevere,'
Who was never known to mooch.

There was 'Wisconsin Slim' and 'Sunny Jim,'
'Benny Frost' and the 'Big Warhorse,'
'Hoosier Slim' and 'Burly Bill,'
'Throw-me-out-Dutch' and 'Boston Crutch.'

There was 'New Orleans Shorty' and 'Big Lofty,'
And 'Frisco Fatty No. 2,'
'Costigan' and 'Harrigan,'
And the 'Billy Kid' of the 'Q.'

There was 'Belfast Paddy' and 'Michigan Fatty,'
'York Whitey' and 'Shervoo,'
'Boston Fish' and the 'Wheeling Kid'
And also 'Big Jack Stew.'

There was 'Jimmy Keen' and 'Seldom Seen,'
'Happy Jack' and 'Syracuse Mack,'
And I guess there are a few
That flopped down this little old town
While waitin' to chu-chu."

Here is one a little more sinister:

"I am a knight of the old puffin-rod [revolver],
That's what I am, begob,
And I'll never rest aisy
Till I knock some Rube crazy
With the slugs from me old puffin-rod."

"Good people" deprecate the admission of women to their ranks. Yet the "hay bag" (female tramp) is by no means an uncommon type. The best known of her kind is "Peg Leg Annie," or "Cow-Catcher Annie," who lost a leg while riding on the pilot of a locomotive. Female tramps usually wear men's clothes in order to avoid detection by the police. They have no standing on the road, and at best are only *tolerated* by "good people" and regarded as fit only for the companionship of the "gay cat," the "hobo," or the "mush fak."

A marked feature of trampdom is the caste or color line, which is drawn against the "shine" or Negro. While at times

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admitted to the camp, and in a few cases referred to as "good people," the "shine" is still an inferior. He must carry his own drinking-cup and prepare his own food. No white tramp of standing would let a Negro put his lips to the otherwise promiscuous bottle or eat out of the common dish.

Under no circumstances is the Negro tramp permitted the luxury of a white "kid" to wait upon and beg for him. All trampdom knows of the case of "Silver Peg," the best-known "shine" on the Coast, who was so proud of his wooden leg, bound with silver bands, which gave him his "moneker." All went well with the "Peg" until he developed a liking for white "kids," and ran "five or six at the same time." Owing to lack of tramp organization on the Coast, where the laws of the fraternity have never been so well enforced as in the East, "Silver Peg's" conduct passed unrebuked for a long time. But Nemesis came to him shortly after the San Francisco earthquake. A party of "good people," visiting that city, thought it high time to put an end to the Negro's presumption. He was brought before the "kangaroo" court in the Sacramento yards, and was so severely disciplined with coupling-pins that he died from the effects.

Though the white tramp be jealous of his color and prerogative, he is not narrow-minded in according rank among the heroes of "the road" to "Denver Shine," who "stood the gaff" to the very end, and was "tapped" (hanged) for a crime of which he was innocent rather than "squeal" on a white comrade.

Red and yellow men are not found on "the road," excepting the half-breed Creek, "Indian Frank," who works as a "dummy," and is well known and respected among "good people."

THE NATURE OF DREAMS

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

IT was a personal experience of a singular character that first impressed upon me, some years ago, the importance of dreams as a subject for serious investigation. Until then I had shared the opinion prevailing among laymen—and, it would seem, among most scientists also—that dreams are entirely fanciful and meaningless. But my experience was such that I could no longer believe this.

To state it briefly, it involved the recurrence of a most bizarre dream. At least twenty times during a period of six months I had the same dream—namely, that a cat was clawing at my throat. The stage setting and the minor incidents might vary, but always the central episode was the same, and usually the fury of the dream cat's onset was so great that it would awaken me. Naturally, this recurrent dream puzzled me, so much so that I spoke about it. But, ascribing it to indigestion, and classifying it with ordinary nightmares, I did not let it worry me at all.

Then, one day, the accident of a heavy cold that settled in my throat led to a medical examination which, much to my surprise, revealed the presence of a growth requiring immediate treatment by the surgeon's knife. Some time afterwards it suddenly occurred to me that since the removal of the dangerous growth I had not once been troubled by the cat-clawing dream. Its significance now began to dawn on me.

I had suffered no pain, not even inconvenience, from the growth in my throat. In fact, I had not consciously been aware of its presence. But unquestionably the organic changes accompanying it had given rise to sensations which, slight though they were, had made an impression on my sleeping consciousness sufficient to excite it to activity. My recurrent dream consequently was to be regarded as a symbolic representation of the disorder in my throat—an attempt to interpret it, to explain it. And indeed, even in the dream, for all its fantastic imagery and symbolism, the seat of the trouble

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was indicated plainly enough, as I could appreciate after the surgeon had completed his labors.

The possibility at once suggested itself that, after all, dreaming might not be such an irrational process as I had hitherto supposed it; and, further, that from both a theoretical and a practical point of view the state of the mind in sleep might well repay examination. It seemed certain, judging from my own experience, that some dreams, at all events, had a meaning; and my astonishment was great, when I began to explore the literature on the subject, to discover how little had been done in the way of systematic inquiry. A great many facts and observations had been assembled, but with scarcely any attempt to collate them and ascertain the laws of dreaming. This, fortunately, is less the case to-day; the researches of such psychologists as Sigmund Freud, Morton Prince, Havelock Ellis, and Ernest Jones having of late considerably advanced our knowledge, and having conclusively demonstrated that the world of dreams, quite as much as the world of waking life, is a world of order in which things do not happen by chance.

Superficially, of course, it often is a topsyturvy world, places, persons, and events being jumbled together in amazing defiance of the laws of nature. The incongruities of that classic dream-story "Alice in Wonderland," or the late W. S. Gilbert's grotesque but fascinating dream recitative, the Lord Chancellor's song in "Iolanthe," are paralleled every night by the incongruities of actual dream experiences. Probably this fact, more than anything else, is responsible for the prevailing contempt for dreams and belief in their irrationality.

In reality, there is reason in the most "nonsensical" of dreams, as can always be shown if one takes the trouble to analyze them. Indeed, as Havelock Ellis has remarked, it may almost be said that we use our reasoning powers more when we dream than when we are awake, for the endless and rapid succession of images and ideas that assails us in dreams is nothing but a process of reasoning, a determined effort "to argue out harmoniously the absurdly limited and incongruous data present to sleeping consciousness."

The difficulty is that, although we can reason in dreams, we cannot, except to a slight extent, utilize the critical faculty which in the waking state renders our reasoning effective. Our judgment is, as it were, temporarily atrophied, while our tendency to reason is hypertrophied as a result of our greater sensitiveness to all sorts of internal and external impressions. In sleep, as illustrated by my cat-clawing dream, we feel the need of explaining matters to which, awake, we should be quite indifferent, or which we should instantly understand through the aid of our sense organs. Lacking free and co-operative use of these, we are compelled to construct a satisfactory explanation by the exercise of imagination, a process greatly furthered by the fact that in sleep the sensations which reach us, being cut off and isolated from the flood of sensations that compete for our attention when we are awake, seem far more massive and intense than ordinarily.

Thus it comes about that, as was long since demonstrated by repeated experiment, the slightest pin-prick, the mere exposure of finger or toe to a feeble current of air, may occasion most complicated and terrifying dreams. Besides which, in working out its explanation, the sleeping consciousness does so with a rapidity greatly exceeding that of conscious thought. This statement, I am aware, is disputed by at least one of the principal modern authorities, on the ground that "in all the cases in which the rapidity of the dream process has seemed so extraordinary it has merely been a question of visual imagery, and it is obviously quite easy to see in an instant an elaborate picture or series of pictures which it would take a long time to describe." But it frequently is more than a matter of visual imagery. Conversations are introduced, there is action by the dream personages. And, in any event, when one is awake it is by no means "obviously quite easy to see in an instant an elaborate picture or series of pictures." On the contrary, it takes an appreciable length of time to see even the outstanding details of a small picture in anything like the fullness and vividness with which dream images are seen.

As emphasizing its extreme rapidity there is, too, this peculiarity in the dream

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process, that in many instances it completes its images and ideas before it begins to present them to the dreamer. That is to say, it works out its story backwards, beginning with the climax and passing from incident through incident to the starting-point at which it first enters consciousness as a dream. This is well illustrated by an experience reported by Alfred Maury, one of the earliest scientific investigators of the phenomena of sleep, who dreamed that he was living in Paris during the Terror, and had been put on the proscribed list. After many exciting adventures, he was captured, tried, and sentenced to execution. He saw himself dragged through the streets amid a clamoring multitude and forced to mount the scaffold and bare his neck to the fatal blow. In that instant, as the guillotine knife descended, he awoke to find that a piece of the cornice of his bed had fallen and struck him on the neck.

Testifying even more impressively to the twofold action of the dream process and to its rapidity is a dream experience of my own. In this dream I was walking alone, at night, along a country road. It was lined on both sides by trees which, as I learned from a man who presently joined me, were heavily laden with fruit. I picked some pears and ate them as we walked and talked. The road seemed to overlook a broad valley, in which, at perhaps half a mile's distance, I saw a solitary light. My companion told me that it was in his home, and invited me to pass the night with him. After a tiring walk in the dark across meadows, we reached the house, a small two-room cabin. He retired into the inner room, I went to bed in the outer. I had not been long asleep when, in my dream, I was awakened by the noise of somebody running, and the thought instantly flashed into my mind that my host was making off with my money. I leaped up shouting: "Stop! stop!"

Then I veritably awoke, and as I did so distinctly heard on the pavement below my window the sound of hurried footfalls and a voice crying excitedly: "Stop! Stop!" At once it was clear that these two words, penetrating to my sleeping consciousness, had provided the necessary stimulus to set up a dream process which, in the fraction of a second, had interpreted them as best it could and had presented the results of its interpretation in the form of a curious little narrative of nocturnal adventure.

More frequently, however, I believe it is safe to say, the dream excitant is connected directly with the state of the sleeper's physical organism. Mention has already been made of the experimental demonstration of the ease with which dreams may be produced by the use of artificial irritants. One sleeper, whose nose was lightly tickled with a feather, had a horrible dream of a mask of pitch being alternately applied to and drawn violently from his face. Another, at whose feet a hot-water bag was placed, dreamed that he was walking over hot lava. In a second experiment of the same sort, the accidental slipping of the cover from the hot-water bag led to an elaborate dream of capture and torture by Rocky Mountain bandits, who insisted that the dreamer knew how to convert copper into gold, and held his naked feet in a fire in order to compel him to communicate his valuable secret. Similarly, the application of a slight degree of heat to the feet of a patient with paralyzed limbs was followed by a dream of being transformed into a bear and taught to dance by being placed on red-hot iron plates.

One's position in bed, the state of one's digestion, the quantity of one's bedclothing—all these play a part in the development of dreams, especially "nightmares" and the common dreams of falling, flying, going about in scanty attire, etc. Concerning such dreams I cannot say much from personal experience. To the best of my recollection I have never had—unless it were subconsciously—either the flying or the falling dream, and only once the dream of appearing in public in garb better suited to the bedchamber. But most people do have them, and there would seem to be no doubt that they have a common origin in physical conditions.

The falling dream, for example, is doubtless attributable, as is popularly believed, to some slight gastric disturbance affecting the heart's action. As to the flying dream, the most reasonable theory, it seems to me, is one recently advanced by Havelock Ellis on the

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strength of a picturesque dream in which, instead of the dreamer flying himself, as is usual, he saw another person flying.

"I dreamed," Mr. Ellis reports, "that I was watching a girl acrobat, in appropriate costume, who was rhythmically rising to a great height in the air and then falling, without touching the floor, though each time she appeared quite close to it. At last she ceased, exhausted and perspiring, and I had to lead her away. Her movements were not controlled by mechanism, and apparently I did not regard mechanism as necessary. It was a vivid dream, and I awoke with a distinct sense of oppression in the chest.

"In trying to account for this dream, . . . it occurred to me that probably I had here the key to a great group of dreams. The rhythmic rising and falling of the acrobat was simply the objectivation of the rhythmic rising and falling of my own respiratory muscles—in some dreams perhaps of the systole and diastole of the heart's muscles—under the influence of some slight and unknown physical oppression. . . . There is, moreover, another element entering into the problem of nocturnal aviation: the state of the skin sensations. Respiratory activity alone would scarcely suffice to produce the imagery of flight if sensations of tactile pressure remained to suggest contact with the earth. In dreams, however, the sense of movement suggested by respiratory activity is unaccompanied by the tactile pressure produced by boots or the contact of the ground with the soles of the feet."

It is not to be supposed that these common dreams of falling, flying, and the like are constant in their details. Everybody who has experienced them knows that their setting and incidents are likely to be different in every dream. But their principal feature, the sensation of falling or flying, is always present in one form or another; and there often is present, as in the dream just cited, a strong element of symbolism. This element, again, is the most conspicuous feature in recurrent dreams stimulated, like my dream experience with the cat, by the organic changes involved in the development of some disease. Just how far this fact may be turned to advantage by medical science it is as yet impossible to say, for the investigation of this phase of dreaming is only fairly under way. I would add that, as a means of contributing to its progress, I should be glad to receive from any of my readers statements regarding the character and frequency of dreams that may have come to them immediately prior to an illness.

Certainly sufficient information has already been brought together to justify the assertion that not a few maladies of a slowly progressive nature—such as cancer, tuberculosis, some forms of heart disease, and various nervous and mental maladies—frequently manifest their presence before the physical symptoms of disease appear by the recurrence of symbolic dreams. Thus not a few persons suffering from heart disease have testified that before their ailment had developed so that they were really conscious of it they had dreams of toiling and sweating up a high hill, or of seeing others climb great heights with much difficulty. Cancer of the stomach is known in some cases to have been ushered in by dreams of mice or other small animals gnawing at the abdomen. And, so far as concerns nervous and mental disorders, knowledge of the part played by dreams in their symptomatology is even to-day so far advanced that many neurologists and psychiatrists carefully analyze their patients' dreams as a help both in diagnosis and treatment.

Accordingly, without wishing to create undue feelings of alarm or to encourage morbid introspection, I am strongly of the opinion that any one who experiences an often recurring dream which seems to localize in its action some organ of the body will do well to consult a competent physician. No harm will be done if his examination discloses no malady, or one so slight as scarcely to require attention. Whereas great benefit must follow if, as a result of the dream's indication, the physician succeeds in detecting at an early and remedial stage some disease of real gravity.

Dreams, to repeat, in most cases, though I believe not all, represent nothing more than an effort on the part of the sleeping consciousness to interpret external or internal physical stimuli. But in saying this I would have it well understood that

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I do not mean to imply that we have here a sufficient explanation of dreams. We have still to account for their contents, a very different problem, and one that until the past few years has been ignored by most students, who have thereby missed making some of the most important and practically helpful discoveries connected with the phenomena of dreaming. To say that the dream excitant, the physical stimulus, accounts for the dream itself is equivalent to saying that the crack of the starter's pistol accounts for the result of a boat race. Whence come the details with which a dream is crowded? Why does a similar stimulus frequently—nay, usually—provoke in one man a dream differing profoundly in its imagery from that which it provokes in another? What are the laws governing the selection and presentation of dream images in the interpretative process? Such are some of the questions yet to be answered, and the answers to them can be found only in the psychological, not the physiological, domain.

One fact which immediately obtrudes itself when we begin to study dreams from the standpoint of their contents is the interesting circumstance that, nine times out of ten, they are woven out of and around waking experiences of the previous day; and, furthermore, that the experiences thus utilized for dream material are not, as a rule, those which have consciously impressed us most, but experiences so trivial that we have given them little thought. They are not, to be sure, utilized in precisely the form in which we originally experienced them. Rather, they reappear as suggestions giving direction and color and tone to the dream story. To the truth of this all who have analyzed their dreams and reported on them bear unanimous testimony.

To cite a few illustrative instances that will make my meaning perfectly clear, a lady who, in the course of the day, had admired a friend's baby and bought a codfish for dinner, dreamed that night of finding a live baby sewed up in a big fish. Another lady, having business during the day partly in the hen-yard and partly in the garden, had a grotesque dream of breeding chickens by planting hens' heads. A college student, after attending a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," was tormented by a nightmare in which all his instructors imposed on him excessive tasks, the dream reaching a climax—and an awakening—when one of the largest members of the faculty, angered at his refusal to do the work assigned him, drew a huge knife and began to whet it on his boot in the manner of Shylock.

More elaborate, yet equally founded on trivial incidents of waking life, was the dream of a fourth sleeper. In his dream, which I cite on the authority of Professor Jastrow, he was alone in a room with a corpse, a situation not at all to his liking. He started to leave, but was stopped by an elderly woman, who shut and locked the door. After a time she herself entered the room with a small box in her hand, saying, "Please give me something to help bury my poor husband." At this there was a commotion in the coffin, the "dead" man sat up, and he, the elderly woman, and the terror-stricken visitor began a conversation. On awaking the dreamer readily traced the dream to two incidents of no importance to him. He had read in his newspaper that evening a paragraph about the burial alive of a man supposed to be dead, and later in the evening he had been asked by a lady to contribute to a missionary fund. These incidents had supplied the material of his dream; the stimulus producing it was in all probability some temporary disorder of the digestive apparatus.

My own experience is much the same. For some years I have made it a practice to analyze my dreams if they are unusually vivid, and, while I cannot always trace their contents to suggestions and associations derived from incidents of the previous day, in most cases I find that such has been their source. I remember one extremely complicated yet fairly coherent dream in which I was voyaging through the South Sea Islands in company with a couple of sailors. We were shipwrecked, but managed to land on an island, where we were attacked by a number of monkeys, which, to our amazement, presently turned into a regiment of Moors. This last part of the dream and the presence of the sailors I could easily understand, for I had that afternoon been reading a history of the campaigns of the American

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navy against the Barbary corsairs. But the monkey element remained unintelligible until I suddenly remembered that after reading the naval history I had dipped for a few minutes into a critique of the evolutionary theory.

I find, in fact, that my reading supplies the material for a large proportion of my dreams, and that many others are traceable to allusions in conversation to persons and topics which are of no great interest to me. Only the other night one of the most peculiar dreams that I can recollect was built around a chance reference by a carriage-driver to the fact that an acquaintance of mine—a man in whom I have no special interest—once lived in the New Hampshire town where I am making my summer home. Sometimes, it is true, my dreams are manifestly rooted in incidents that have made a deep impression. But this is the exception to the rule, and I am sure that I am not different from other persons in this respect. The problem remains, of course, to determine just why trivial incidents should predominate in dream formation.

In solving this problem, as in solving so many other problems in normal psychology, recourse must be had to certain facts lately brought to light by those whose special business it is to investigate the workings of the mind under abnormal conditions. Of such facts the most important in the present connection is the persistence, in the way of subconscious memories, of long-forgotten happenings having a profound emotional significance —frights, griefs, worries, shocks of various kinds, secret desires, and so forth. These subconscious memories—which form, together with their emotional coloring, what is technically called a "complex"—are to-day known to constitute an important factor in the causation of many nervous and mental diseases, particularly hysteria and other psychoneuroses.

The theory, first advanced by the Viennese psychopathologist Sigmund Freud, is that the memories in question are forgotten by the upper consciousness simply because they are of a painful character, or of a character otherwise incompatible with the best interests of the one who experienced them. But, although thus repressed and thrust from consciousness, they are far from being blotted out. Subconsciously they remain as vivid and intense as when first experienced; and, in addition, they perpetually seek to assert themselves and appear once more in the field of conscious memory. Such is the human constitution, however, that they can do this only on condition of being so transformed that the upper consciousness shall not recognize them for what they really are.

One form of transformation, in the case of persons predisposed by conditions of heredity and environment, is into the symptoms of hysteria. Or, as Freud himself would say, hysterical symptoms are so many monuments to subconsciously remembered emotional experiences. In the case of normal persons the process of transformation does not involve such violent manifestations of the underlying psychic energy, which "works itself off" quite peacefully by various channels, and notably through the medium of dreams. In truth, every dream, according to the theory of Freud, is symbolical, and on close analysis will be found related to, and expressive of, some secret, subconscious emotional complex. Besides which, Freud finds a strong "wish" element in all dreams, and has even ventured to sum up his theory of dreams in the single formula: Every dream at bottom represents the imaginary fulfillment of an ungratified wish.

Now, while I am not prepared to indorse the Freudian hypothesis in its entirety, and while I am inclined to agree with Morton Prince, Boris Sidis, and Havelock Ellis in holding that Freud, as regards both hysteria and dreams, has allowed the passion for generalization to carry him to a rash extreme, I am nevertheless convinced that he has furnished the necessary clue to the solution of the problem immediately before us—the problem of the strange influence exercised over our dreams by trivial incidents of the waking state.

It is all a matter of "association of ideas," and trivial incidents, being numerically far in excess of important ones, are proportionately more likely to affect by association some buried complex which, unable to cross the threshold of consciousness in its true form, finds expression, during sleep, in the presentation of dream

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images centering about the incident that has excited it into activity. During the day I do a hundred and one things; I talk with many people. Somebody casually mentions to me the name of John Smith, and that night I have a vivid dream with John Smith figuring in it. It is not because I am very much interested in him that I dream about him; I may not have a speaking acquaintance with him. I dream about him because the mention of his name has, consciously or subconsciously, stirred within me, by association of ideas, a memory of some one or some thing that is, or was once, of keen emotional significance to me.

There are dreams, it should be added, in which the buried complex does manage to show itself directly to the dreamer; but dreams of this type are mostly forgotten on awaking, and can be recalled only by the use of hypnotism or some other method of reaching into the subconscious. That they are often worth recalling every psychopathologist will testify, for in a number of cases they have been the only means of ascertaining the true cause of symptoms for which patients have long sought relief in vain. In like manner, the analysis of consciously remembered dreams, no matter how absurd they superficially seem, often results in unearthing the complexes responsible for hysterical symptoms, and impressively corroborates the view just set forth. In every case where psycho-analysis is employed on neurotic patients it is found that their dreams are fundamentally connected with the emotional disturbances to which their nervous and mental troubles are due.

To summarize, then, it may be said that in the ordinary, average dream, with which alone we are here concerned, there is always an initial physical stimulus, whether internal or external, to give occasion to the dream; that the dream represents an effort to interpret this stimulus; and that the manner of the interpretation —the story the dream tells—is ultimately determined, not by the stimulus itself, but by the character of the emotional complexes that have been roused to greatest activity by incidents of the waking life of the previous day.

THE MASTER BUILDER

"As he is, so are we in this world"

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

NINTH ARTICLE

THE ENEMIES OF THE MASTER

THE Master made many enemies. He did not believe in universal popularity. "'Alas,' he said, 'for you when all men shall speak well of you! Blessed are you when men revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." We may easily discern some of the elements in his character and teaching which caused men to revile him and say all manner of evil things against him falsely.

In his time there were few rich and many poor; few learned, many ignorant. He set himself to reverse this condition; to make the many rich, the many wise, and he did this by appealing to the poor and to the ignorant. The rich and the wise who were at the top of society did not like this. They never have liked this, and probably never will till the end of time. The privileged classes always abhor those the effect of whose teaching is to destroy or diminish their privileges. The Master paid no deference to the rich, and little or none to the wise. For men who had wealth and knew not how to use it for the benefit of their fellows he had both indignation and contempt, but perhaps more contempt than indignation. The only man he ever called a fool was the rich man of the parable, who had more agricultural wealth than his barns would hold,

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and could think of nothing better to do than to build bigger barns in which to store the surplus. He thought as little of scholars who did not know how to use their scholarship for the enlightenment of men less wise than themselves. In his teaching, the value, whether of property or of knowledge, was determined by the use to which it was put. "Whosoever will be chief among you," he said, "let him be your servant."

It is true that the teaching of the Master was not iconoclastic. He was not a destructionist. But he was a leveler; not a leveler down—a leveler up; but still a leveler. He led the great democratic movement which had its birth in the Sermon on the Mount. From that day to this his true followers have acted on the assumption that the world is upside down and have resolved that it shall be put right side up. He did not merely teach that the rich man should contribute to the poor, or the wise man instruct the ignorant. Wise men were furnishing instruction to the ignorant, rich men were contributing to the poor. What he did teach was that the whole human race is one great brotherhood—a brotherhood because all are children of one Father which is in heaven. He taught that the whole human race, as individuals and as a social organization, is to be transformed, educated, enfranchised, enriched, until the whole human race shall stand bound together in one great family. He was not an individualist, though the aspiration of the individual for the development of his own character and the freedom of his own life finds inspiration in his teaching. He was not a Socialist, though the aspiration of Socialism toward a common wealth and a common welfare finds inspiration in his teaching. The individualism and the socialism which the Master taught are alike opposed to the existence of a privileged class. The privileged class of his time instinctively perceived that fact, and set themselves to destroy him.

The established order was intrenched behind, and allied with, a superstitious conception of religion and a reverence for material things. Carlyle and Froude have both traced admirably and eloquently the rise and development of idolatry. They have shown how men begin by making an image or a picture representing God, that they may better worship God; a ritual or a temple representing worship, that they may better conduct worship; a creed or a theology representing truth, that they may better interpret truth; and have ended by worshiping the picture, the temple, the creed. This is idolatry, whether it is bowing to the Virgin Mary, or giving divine reverence to a printed book, or substituting a creed or a theology for a vital experience of living truth. In a nation which professed to hate idolatry, idolatry was in the first century intrenched. The Temple was the center of all worship, and men could hardly conceive that religion could live if the Temple were destroyed; as there are men to-day who think that religion would die if a different interpretation of the Bible is accepted. The Master told them that the Temple would be destroyed, that obedience is better than sacrifice. They thought God could be worshiped only in one place and according to one ritual. The Master cut under the very roots of their ceremonialism by saying that God could be worshiped wherever the heart in simplicity sought for him. The conventional religious reverence of Palestine armed itself against a man who really seemed to the religious teachers of that day to be teaching irreligion, if not atheism.

Along with this intrenched established order, and supported by this reverence for forms and ceremonies, went a traditional theology. Truth was devitalized in Greece, in Rome, above all in Palestine. Truth was no longer a living experience—something born in the heart of man and uttered by each man according to his experience. The son was expected to repeat by rote what his father had taught, the pupil what his instructor had taught. Religion consisted, not in believing truth, but in committing a catechism to memory. Against the traditionalism that substituted a reverence for the thoughts of the past Christ inveighed in terms that are not to be misunderstood: "In vain do this people worship me, teaching as doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups: and many other such like

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things ye do. And he said unto them, Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition."

Rome armed itself to destroy the heresy that attacked the traditions of the Middle Ages; the Pilgrim Fathers sought to drive from their colony the heretical Quaker and the heretical Baptist. The same spirit that inspired the persecuting Puritan and the persecuting Romanist inspired the believers in the traditional theology of the past when it was assailed by this Prophet of a present and a future. For it has always been the aim of sectarianism to prevent men from thinking for themselves, and to require them to accept ready-made thought forged in some other man's factory.

Against this traditionalism the Master incited intellectual rebellion. He fermented men. He threw aphorisms at them that set them thinking. The Church counted it almost criminal to ask questions. The Master incited men to question him, and questioned them in turn. If a heretic is what the dictionary tells us he is—a man who gives forth his own opinions when they are in conflict with the preconceived opinions of his age—there never was a greater heretic than the Master. The long line of prophets from that day to this have been men in whom truth has been new-born and who have flung it out into the world as their own thought has given it form. But, when this is done, the men who dread thought, who do not believe that humanity can do its own thinking, who think that mankind must always be as children in leading-strings, rise in their wrath against the teacher of thought and the bringer of life. They did so then; they have done so ever since; they will continue to do so in the future.

This established order, this superstitious reverence, this traditional theology, was further intrenched and supported by a race prejudice. The Jews believed that they were the chosen people of God. They had from the earliest ages separated themselves from the rest of humanity. Let any people build a wall around themselves and shut out the educating processes that come from interchange with other nations, and they will inevitably grow narrow. This was what Judea had done; the result was a narrow conception of God, a narrow conception of humanity, a narrow conception of righteousness. The Master assailed this race prejudice. In the very first sermon of which we have any record, preached in the synagogue at Nazareth, he reminded the congregation that God had passed by the Jews and selected a woman from a city of Sidon for mercy, and again had passed by the Jews and selected a man from Syria for mercy; and the people arose and cast the preacher out of the synagogue, and would have flung him from the precipice, but he escaped from their hands. The traditional hate of the centuries inspired the narrow-minded patriotism of this people to destroy the Master, who asked them to believe that a Gentile may be as true a child of God as a Jew.

This established order, superstitious reverence, traditional authority, and race prejudice were reinforced by that instinct of so-called conservatism which is one of the strongest instincts of human nature; not that instinct of reverence for the past which seeks to preserve its contributions to the experience of mankind, but that inertness and laziness, that willingness to leave things as they are, that hostility to anything that disturbs the peace, that moral and intellectual state of coma, which is the antithesis of life; and it was life that the Master came to bring to the world.

Thus special privilege, superstitious reverence, traditional theology, race prejudice, moral and intellectual inertia, combined to resist the Master, as ever since they have combined to resist his spirit at every stage of the world's history. In every epoch his warning is timely, "Alas for you when all men shall speak well of you;" for when these forces in any age of the world unite to speak well of any so-called prophet, we may be sure that he is not doing the Master's work nor representing the Master's spirit.

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SENTIMENTALISM AND CRIME

BY JOSEPH DU VIVIER

A YOUNG woman went to the office of the District Attorney for advice. She saw one of the assistants, who listened to her story and told her that no criminal prosecution could be commenced, for the reason that there was no corroboration of the story, as the law required. She was then sent to the Corporation Counsel, who commenced proceedings in her behalf in the Court of Special Sessions. The Court of Special Sessions heard the case and acquitted the defendant. (It is interesting to note at this point that the Court of Special Sessions in over eighty per cent convicts in this class of cases.) The woman on her way uptown purchased a revolver and a small black bag in which to conceal it, and shortly thereafter visited the evening office of the then District Attorney and sought advice from his representative there as to what the consequences would be if she took the law into her own hands. For three weeks she carried the revolver in her bag, hoping to meet her victim, but without success. On the morning of the tragedy she sent a fictitious telephone call to her victim, who was a physician, requesting him to call at a designated address. She then took her stand diagonally opposite and waited from 11:30 A.M. to 6:45 P.M. for her victim to appear. She saw him alight from the car and walk about a half-block, and while he was looking for the name in the vestibule of the apartment the woman crossed the street and fired two bullets into the doctor's body. She was immediately arrested, and at the station-house made a full confession.

In due course she was indicted for murder in the first degree, and later pleaded guilty to manslaughter. Whereupon the Court suspended sentence.

Is there any explanation for such a disposition of the case? Yes; the woman was pregnant, and in due time was delivered of a child. But there were two men who admitted that they might be the father, and there was a possibility of a third. The defendant being a woman, she was presumed to have been virtuous in the mind of the judge, and, as the case was a notorious one, it had been conveniently tried beforehand by the newspapers, thus saving the county the expense of a trial according to law.

Let us take a second case. A young man steals $12,000 from his employer and spends the money in entertaining women friends who are not friends of his wife. His peculations cover a long period of time—several years. He purposely keeps his books so badly that it takes infinite pains to obtain sufficient legal evidence to sustain the accusation. Expert accountants, paid for by the county, and an assistant district attorney work on the case for three months. During this period the defendant is spending the summer in a bungalow on Long Island. In due time the defendant pleads guilty. He receives a suspended sentence. For this result the county has spent fully a thousand dollars, and the employer, unable to recover from the thefts of the defendant, is thrown into bankruptcy.

Let us take a third case. A young man was charged with robbery in the first degree. The seriousness of the charge is indicated by the fact that the crime is punishable by twenty years in State's prison. The evidence showed that he held up his victim at three o'clock in the morning and robbed him of $700. The defendant had previously been convicted of a similar crime. The Court suspended sentence.

About three years ago a man was convicted of a filthy crime. The judge announced that he would not send the defendant to State's prison for fear that he would contaminate the other inmates. So he was turned back on the community.

These cases are taken at random from several years' experience as a prosecuting official.

What is the explanation of such results? Why is it that in 2,793 convictions secured in New York County during 1910 a few more than 900 of these convicts were turned loose on the community through the virtue of the suspended sentence? It is not that the judges are corrupt; the standard of honesty among American judges is high. If you will go into a

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criminal court on sentence day and listen to the requests for leniency in the cases of convicted criminals, you will appreciate that the judges reflect public opinion.

Then why should it seem that public opinion is in league to prevent the enforcement of law? I speak deliberately when I say that it is because of the sentimental way in which we, as a people, have come to regard crime. Our fathers regarded the criminal as an enemy to society; and so he is. Any person who states that the criminal is not an enemy to society either has no first-hand acquaintance with crime or looks upon it from a sentimental viewpoint. The youthful first offender may cease to be such by proper education of several years in a State institution; but he cannot be reformed by turning him back into the same environment in which his evil tendencies have been developed. There can be no compromise with crime, and none should be attempted; and it is this spirit of compromise, so characteristic of our entire National life, which is the root of the entire evil. Crime should be treated as we treat disease. It is a stern reality, not a thing to be sentimental about, not a thing concerning which there can be two opinions. There is nothing attractive about crime. It is sordid, it is mean, it is selfish, it is contemptible. The romance and the heroics of crime are to be found on the stage and in popular novels, not in the criminal courts.

It must be remembered that every criminal has his victim. It may be some honest man, some credulous woman, some unprotected citizen, some illiterate immigrant—but always a victim. If this were borne in mind by the average person, there would be less sentiment for the criminal and more sympathy for the victim, and the enforcement of the law would be an easier task.

You may say that you feel sorry for the criminal's family—his wife and children. But criminals, as a class, are faithless and unkind to their wives, and in many cases the wives knowingly share the proceeds of crime. A family with a criminal father is better off with the father in jail than at home. I have had children come to me asking me to use my influence with the court to obtain a long sentence for their father, in order that they might have a chance to live. This is a fact, not sentiment.

We need more of what the theologians call "the hatred of sin" in our modern life. Sin has become romantic and pleasurable, and crime, being simply sin in its relation to society, has become an adventure—something to write about and talk about—not a thing to hate and denounce. The criminal is described and photographed and interviewed. The story of his life is told in a series of pictures appearing from day to day. In other words, crime is looked upon with compassion, and the sympathetic attitude towards criminals of all classes is common to us all. That this tendency is increasing is shown by the exaggerated leniency of the courts referred to above and by two recent enactments of the New York Legislature. The first makes it a crime for a person to say of another that he has been convicted, and the second provides that it shall be unlawful to question a defendant after arrest. The first is too absurd to require comment. The second statute has resulted from a popular play, and from a demand of persons ignorant of social conditions. It is true that there have been cases of the so-called "third degree;" but the occurrences have been few as compared to the great number of instances where the power to question has been invoked. Those who know criminals know that it is rarely necessary to raise the voice in examining a man who has just committed a crime. The greater the crime, the greater his willingness to talk. Now, if the criminal is willing to confess, why should society refuse the information thus voluntarily offered? It seems that a judicial determination must be made upon a portion of the available facts in all cases because in isolated cases there have been abuses. In other words, government is supposed to exist, not for the many, but for the few who are charged with crime.

A reformation of the criminal law has been proposed. But it is the attitude of those who administer the law and for whom it is administered that needs to be changed, rather than the law. The history of the common law shows it to be the people's conception of justice covering a period of many centuries, and from our

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own experience it is manifest that the enforcement of a criminal statute never exceeds its popular support. If the criminal law is to be changed, let it be changed in favor of society and not against it. It must be brought home to us as a people that the punishment of crime is a stern duty, demanding rigorous measures. It is not a problem to be solved by maudlin sentiment.

TEN-TWENTY-THIRTY

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE theaters are closed for the summer and the empty seats covered with chintz. Gone from one's morning paper are first-night reviews, gone the lines of automobiles in the cross-streets at night; audience and critics have been turned out to grass. Everybody, in short, being out of town and the theatrical season quite over, I suddenly find myself, with various thousands of other non-existent persons, going busily to the theater.

There are plenty of us; we comfortably fill two of the largest theaters in town—the old Academy of Music and the old Grand Opera House—for two performances every day. In the last few weeks we have seen "The Great Divide," "Zaza," "Trilby," "The Man of the Hour," "The Count of Monte Cristo," and "Romeo and Juliet." There is a new play each week at each theater, and some of them—Mr. Fitch's "The City," for instance—were but yesterday appearing for the first time on Broadway. We see them decently played—as well as by the average "second" company on the road—not to speak of moving pictures and illustrated songs between the acts, and, if it is Friday afternoon, at Mr. Corse Payton's theater, pink tea with the company on the stage after the show.

There is a peculiar, even an esoteric, fascination about these entertainments not residing entirely in the thirty cents one pays for a matinée orchestra seat. The loftiest of high-brow critics need not be bored. Nowhere perhaps can one so measure a play's essential dramatic, or at least theatrical, spark. Gone is the febrile charm of the first night; gone that sense of escape, of warmth and security, lent to the playhouse by the mere bleakness of a winter night. The author's work is stripped of every factitious help, revealed in its bare, unillumined bones.

Imagine yourself, if you please, in the musty cavern of the old Academy, or the Grand Opera House, on a hot July afternoon. Trolley cars are banging away outside; the blue sky calling one to the country. From the open balcony doors above the hard, disillusioning sunlight comes streaming in. You can hear the sparrows twittering up there. All about is an audience, quaintly remote from those before whom the play was originally tried—fat women in wilted shirt-waists; flippant girls chewing gum; boys and men who, one vaguely feels, ought to be at work somewhere. Boys drone up and down the aisles—"Fresh candies, chocolates," and so on. An odor of spearmint floats in an atmosphere already redolent of talcum powder and stale perfume.

The sunshine, falling from a balcony window, strikes the back hair of the woman in front of you and reveals, scantily enmeshed therein, an unmatching and unmatchable "rat." The lady on her right, lifting an arm in friendly fashion, adjusts the side nearest her. The lady on the left, from her side, offers a similar friendly service. Neither succeeds, and finally all three dismiss the matter as unimportant: "It's only a bargain matinée—we're all friends—what's the difference, anyhow?" The orchestra saws off its overture, upstairs an usher tardily shuts the fire-escape doors and removes most of the sunlight. You fold up your afternoon paper, and, with a mind full of Mexican news, view the rising curtain.

Into this hostile, or at least inert and

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wholly indifferent, atmosphere, at the hands of players whose skill or awkwardness will receive no word of praise or blame in to-morrow's papers, who played Shakespeare last week perhaps and will play Mrs. Elinor Glyn next, as part of the day's hard work, is projected a fabric of dramatic art about which the whole town was talking six months or perhaps a generation ago. Critics have sifted it, actors and author had their moment of fame; thousands of people (gone now, goodness knows where) have laughed and cried over it, been lifted out of themselves, to go home and think about it for days; and here it is coming over the footlights into the banal, peppermint-scented twilight of the summer afternoon.

It is a terrific strain to put a play to—a strain which breaks down everything except that built to breathe the special and peculiar atmosphere of the theater. Even though the matter be absurd, it must at least be to the manner born. No atmospheric stage-manager here to beguile the drifting eye; no fondly applauded "star." There must be a "situation," or what appears to be one; two wills clashing together; words that lead and parry, words with a "punch" behind them, if they are to get across. I have wondered if a course at the ten-twenty-thirty plays might not be an excellent experience for young playwrights better acquainted with literature than with the special needs of the theater.

Listen, for instance, in "The Man of the Hour," to the young reform Mayor and the boss who nominated him and thought that he could control him. The independent young man is busy in his office. The boss comes shouldering in.

"I understand Phelan's been to see you," he growls, referring to the rival boss. "What for?"

"Business."

"Whose business?"

"*My* business!" and the young man goes on with his writing.

Dialogue with bounce to it—"actor-proof," as they say. An important franchise is under consideration. The Mayor intends to veto it. The boss intends to jam it through. He shows that persons friendly to the young man are behind the bill.

"That's no news," mutters the Mayor.

"Well, then," bellows the boss, "maybe this is!"

The fortune of the girl to whom the Mayor is engaged, and of her brother, is invested in stock which may go to smash if the bill is vetoed. The young man starts back aghast.

"Now veto it if you will and be damned to you!" thunders the boss. The young Mayor seizes his pen and writes.

"What have you done?" sneers the boss. "Did you veto it?"

"I vetoed it. And be damned to *you!*" cries the young Mayor, and down goes the curtain.

If the value of robustness and resilience stands out more clearly in an unelaborate performance of this sort, so, too, do tricks and artifices. Observe the gray-haired old doorkeeper toddle in and disclose the fact that he served in the Civil War under the young Mayor's father.

"So you served under my father," says the young man. "Do you remember him?" Ah—it is coming! "As if it were yesterday," observes the dear old doorkeeper. Slow music begins, and it doesn't take a clairvoyant to know that handkerchiefs will be out in a minute, the young Mayor even more popular with the audience than he is now, and that no matter what the gentleman who plays the doorkeeper may do, he will bow himself respectfully out, convincing ninety people in every hundred in front that he is a magnificent character actor.

The mechanical precision with which an audience reacts—here, whenever the hero strikes an attitude and roars—would be continually astonishing did one not recall that people go to the theater, not only to be charmed and to forget, but to play a familiar game according to certain conventional rules. They are like people listening to an after-dinner speaker. When the latter, bowing and smiling, describes his delight at addressing so handsome, so cultured, so brilliant an audience, nobody is deceived into thinking that he is any more dazzling than before, but he promptly applauds wildly and cries, "Yay-yay-yay!" because that is what he is supposed to do. That is what is done. And people get an amusement out of such things.

Some such partnership on the part of

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the audience must assist in preserving such relics as the familiar world-is-mine scene in "The Count of Monte Cristo." You will recall the underground dungeon, through whose momentarily transparent walls we see Edmond Dantes and the Abbé Faria, prisoners both for eighteen long years, with long white manes and white beards down to their waists.

Tunneling to escape, they overhear the sentry talking overhead and realize that their plot is discovered. It is too much for the old Abbé, and, feeling that he is about to expire, he confides to Edmond the secret of the buried treasure and the entirely impossible scheme of escape that follows. It is the custom to dispose of those who die in this prison by tying them up in sacks, fastening a rock to their feet, and casting them into the sea. After the Abbé is dead, Edmond shall drag the body into his own cell, take the Abbé's place, and let himself be sunk in the ocean. Once there, he will cut his way out with a knife the Abbé has kept conveniently hid, and swim away. And, although melodramatic conventions demand that the poor old prisoners be represented as so frail and doddering that they can scarcely drag themselves about their dungeon, and the feat is one which only an acrobat in the pink of condition would think of attempting, you have but to turn down the lights, turn on the thunder and lightning, shake up the canvas waves, and have Dantes, restored by his salt-water dip to a robust leading man, climb up on his rock and bellow, "The world is mine!" to explode the whole house in a torrent of genuine applause.

Where mere dynamics are so important the finer, more subtle things are naturally lost or not attempted. By finer, of course, one means those requiring a certain intellectual sophistication both for purposes of interpretation and of understanding. You can play "Romeo and Juliet" to a ten-twenty-and-thirty audience because its story has been lived by every one of them, according to his or her own experience, and it is the one thing in which most of them are probably most keenly interested. And, indeed, I saw a Romeo at the Academy of Music the other afternoon whose performance was truer to Elizabethan feeling and, to me, more entertaining than the pale and drooping staginess of the much more scholarly Mr. Sothern.

This Romeo was a trifle smiley and saccharine, perhaps, but he fairly exuded youthful warmth and good feeling. He would put his hands on his friends' shoulders when Mercutio and Benvolio urged him, "Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance," and, laughing, say, "Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes with nimble soles: I have a soul of lead so stakes me to the ground I cannot move!"—and do this with a jolly, graceful languor, proud of himself and a little amused at himself.

Between the acts I asked one of the ushers who it was who was playing Romeo, as I saw it was not the regular leading man, whose name was on the programme.

"Who?" he demanded. "Why, that's the only man within two hundred miles of New York who can play Romeo or Hamlet or anything else at twenty-four hours' notice. That's James Young, and he's what his name implies."

"You mean he *is* young?" I said. "Well," said the usher, "he's only got two or three gray hairs in his head at that. And, believe me, he's some actor!"

You can play Shakespeare, but not so easily Mr. J. M. Barrie (although Corse Payton announces "Peter Pan"); and still less easily, I should say, intellectual farce, or Maeterlinck, or the comedy of manners in which so much depends on finely finished little things. You get the melodrama of Ruth Jordan's capture in the first act of "The Great Divide," for instance, but the exaltation into which the new country had lifted the prim New Englander, the vivid desire for life which was, in a way, a sort of subconscious urging of her action, is scarcely brought out.

Generally speaking, of course, the leading lady doesn't want to waste her strength on that sort of thing. She has a delightfully "cagey" way of playing in a sort of emotional undertone until the curtain, or some other necessary climax, pulls out all the stops. And little wonder. She gets up every morning at eight o'clock, we will say, as regularly as any office slave. At ten she is in the theater rehearsing next week's play. Out for a bite of lunch, or perhaps a sandwich in her dressing-room, and then the matinée begins. Then, on

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Fridays, if it is in the Payton theaters, she must jump out of her costume directly the last curtain falls and into street clothes, and, by the time the simple-minded herd out in front have climbed up on the stage, be standing behind a refreshment-table dispensing lady's-fingers and pink lemonade. Then dinner and the evening performance. Lines, lines, lines to be learned, and a working day that lasts from ten in the morning until eleven at night.

The orchestra plays a few bars from a popular waltz when she enters for the first time. She is always greeted by applause then, and often at each entrance, and the audience thoroughly approve everything she does. Perhaps it is because of this that she plays with an air of almost conscious virtue and benevolence, as if the rest of the cast were creatures of a lower world, and only she and the audience really understood. She almost always has a contralto voice, which, when she wants to, she can drop down to delightfully thrilling and theatrical depths.

Your appetite becomes so whetted by her stand-offishness that you are ravished with delight when these moments come. I recall Miss Minna Phillips in the "Count of Monte Cristo" the other day. She was playing Mercedes, who married the wicked Fernande, after Edmond, her sailor lover, went to prison. How sad and beautiful she looked in her white wig after those eighteen years of cruel separation! "I will kill him!" hissed Edmond, referring to the sprightly young Albert, now nearly eighteen. "No, you will not," said Madame Fernande, and from the drop of her voice we knew that something was coming. "You will not even fight him. Because—" "And why?" demanded Edmond. "Because

he
is
your
son!"

It was just after the pink tea was over, and before she dashed out to get a little dinner and return for the evening's performance, that I managed to lasso Miss Phillips for a moment's talk. They still have a sort of green-room in the old Grand Opera House, and we sat down there. Miss Phillips wore a dashing white tailored hat, she looked very healthy and cheerful, and I was impressed by the fact that she was many times more bright and animated off than on the stage.

Yes, she admitted briskly, it certainly was a busy life, but she liked it. Better than the road and better than free-lancing, so to speak, on Broadway. Of course I knew she came from Australia and had been featured in several road productions before joining the stock company, four years ago. She could make more money in stock than she could out of it. It wasn't so bad when you got into the routine, and the great thing, of course, was being in New York all the year round, practically, and having a home.

Of course, one thing that helped her was that she was such a good "study." She could pick up a rôle in no time. They got along beautifully together—like a happy family. Goodness gracious! Wouldn't they have to! Twelve performances a week and morning rehearsals. If they didn't get along, they'd scratch out each other's eyes. And no sweethearting, either—everybody minded his own business. Of course you didn't have a hard rôle every week. Last week she was playing "Zaza," and this week "Trilby," and there was plenty to do in both of them. But next week, in the "Count of Monte Cristo," she would almost have a rest.

As I said good-by to the leading lady I found myself shaking hands with Mr. Joseph W. Girard, the company's "heavy." Mr. Girard is a tall, well-built gentleman, with a pleasant expression and a fighting jaw. You would take him on the street for a successful cattleman or contractor rather than an actor. No turned-back cuffs or amethyst sleeve-links or handkerchief up his sleeve for Mr. Girard. No pink teas, either. "Not for me," he said, grimly. Mr. Girard had just taken off the long Dundrearys which Taffy wears in "Trilby"—he was one of the "Troys anglayzes," as they were called in a French which added still another variety to the three kinds generally supposed to be extant—French, American, and West Point. I had seen Mr. Girard as the decadent old Duke de Brissac in "Zaza," as the villain in "The Still Alarm," and later I encountered him again as the bare-throated sailor Danglars in "The Count of Monte Cristo" and as

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the wicked King of Sardalia in "Three Weeks," with a Russian beard, medals, a red nose, and high shiny boots. One of the fascinations of stock company acting is the chance it gives you to follow your friends through all sorts of character changes.

I asked Mr. Girard how many rôles he knew. He smiled deprecatingly down at his cigar. "Oh, I don't know," he said; "maybe about a hundred." Somebody here reminded the "heavy" of the time he was on the road with a company that had a repertoire of eighteen plays. "Yes," assented Mr. Girard. "Put any of 'em on at a day's notice. They'd go ahead and bill us, and we'd give 'em whatever they liked." The "heavy" preferred stock too. He liked having a home, and as for hard work—"Why, look at those poor girls in burlesque shows. Two shows a day, and that *is* hard work."

Letting people choose their own plays is one of the specialties of the ten-twenty-thirty houses. At the Academy of Music, where a stock company has been playing steadily since last August, they send out some eight thousand circulars a week, merely to give their patrons a general notion of the next week's play. Often the audience chooses the plays to be put on, and subscribers have the same seats for one evening a week throughout the winter.

Mr. Girard told how the audiences in Brooklyn said how-de-you to each other as they took their seats, and how you soon got to remember the faces out in front. And you couldn't fool the audience about the people on the stage. Send one of their favorites on in a pitch dark scene as a detective or a burglar, and they'd recognize him, no matter what his disguise, and give him a hand. He didn't think much of "Trilby" for their sort of people. Too much Svengali, hypnotism, and evil-eye business. It got on the women's nerves. All right for Broadway, maybe, but not for a family theater.

Mr. Corse Payton has done more than any one else, probably, to make the ten-twenty-and-thirty cent theater a family institution. He has been at it ten years now, and he has four companies and something like a hundred players working for him. A Friday matinée such as I have mentioned is a veritable orgy of the sort of thing that such an audience genuinely likes. The pink tea is one of Mr. Payton's great ideas. A big sign in the lobby announces it as the crowd comes in. Corse himself issues another invitation from the stage just before the last act, and as soon as the curtain falls the crowd pile up on the stage by way of the left-hand boxes—fat ladies in limp shirt-waists, pounding the scenery to see how real it is; giggling young girls, half awed, half contemptuous, in this behind-the-scenes world. The flip young ushers, returned to their street clothes, keep the crowd moving past the refreshment-table and toward the stage door, murmuring, *sotto voce*, witticisms like "Come an' shake hands with your favorite actor," or "No, I don't like to eat watermelons—they get your ears so wet."

Then there is a very good orchestra, and between the acts moving pictures, if you are at the Academy; if at the Grand Opera House, a versatile young man, who shifts scenery or something at other times, comes out in front of the curtain and sings an illustrated song. There is a picture on the screen of a girl in a pink dress in a garden, and the athletic young tenor cries:

"Let's make love among the roses, dearie,
You and I,
Stealing little hugs and tender kisses
On the sly."

After the chorus has been sung once or twice the words themselves are flashed on the curtain. The vague hum that has followed the song comes out more confidently on the spearmint-scented air—there is a sort of indefinable pathos in the sibilant s's coming out of the impenetrable twilight—and following the one man's voice are many feminine voices, a little off the key, perhaps, faltering, yet evidently in deadly earnest groping for the tune.

With some difficulty I cornered the restless Mr. Payton in his private office and tried to engage him in talk. He is a tallish, slender man of forty-two perhaps, with the look of feeling very chipper in spite of having been out late the night before. "If Mr. Payton would open up," said his young business manager, gazing up at his chief with kindling

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eyes, "he could give you some great stuff." Mr. Payton, however, was difficult to open up. His is the touch-and-go manner of speech—a "line" here and then off before the laugh comes. It is all right for an audience, but not adapted to close quarters.

He was born—"Now don't laugh"—in Centerville, Iowa. Coming down with a sort of stage fever, he started out with a circus, then organized a stock company and played his own neighborhood.

"See that?" Mr. Payton pointed to a framed photograph of an ingenuous-looking youth in a long coat and top hat, reminding one slightly of a coachman. "What do you know about that? I suppose that was my idea of looking like an actor."

The company succeeded, came East about a dozen years ago, and started in Brooklyn for four weeks of repertoire. Presently Mr. Payton purchased a theater there and opened with "The Girl I Left Behind Me." They played forty-one weeks that year—"Aristocracy," "East Lynne," "Jim the Penman," "The Two Orphans," "The Octoroon," "Camille," "Romeo and Juliet," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Little Minister" among their varied repertoire.

"Look at this!" suddenly volunteered Mr. Payton, pointing to another framed photograph, this time of a curiously antique-looking automobile. On the front seat, gripping the almost vertical steering-wheel, unmistakably sat Mr. Payton himself—ten years younger, more innocent-looking, with curly hair that stuck out from underneath his hat.

"Yes," he admitted, "that's how I looked then. First automobile. Ought to have seen the horses run when I came down the street! Now they'll come up and lick the gasoline off."

Times have changed indeed. There are four Corse Payton companies now, playing in the neighborhood of New York. Every morning, in the lobby of the Grand Opera House, there is a line of actors waiting, looking for a job. Mr. Payton himself used to act, but he rarely does so now except in his little monologues before the curtain. Of course he can't be in four places at once, but he manages to look in at each of his theaters every now and then to tell the audience how things are going.

He suddenly shoots out in front of the curtain just before the last act, with a "Hello, audience!" and, swinging his arms, walks rapidly up and down the footlights, talking as he goes. Now and then he stops, whacks his head, or, elaborately twisting one hand round with the other, slaps his wrist, and continues his promenade.

"Next week we'll revive that grand old melodrama 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' Splendid play—brings out the full strength of the company. After that, Mrs. Elinor Glyn's 'Three Weeks.' Beautiful scenic effects—good show—don't miss it. Prices same as usual—ten, twenty, and thirty cents. Dollar twenty a dozen. Ten cents admission—ten cents for three weeks. Cheaper than room rent." The audience adore it. They wish he would go on forever. "If there's anything you'd like, let us know. List of plays out in the lobby—a hundred of 'em. Pick out the one you like best and tell us about it. That's what we're here for. Pretty soon we're going to put on a revival of the greatest melodrama ever written, 'The Two Orphans.' Prices same as usual. Ten cents admission—five cents an orphan. [Slap.] And if there's any play you want, just vote for it. We'll play it. We play anything from 'Hamlet' to polo. Good-by, people!"—and Corse goes slashing off, swinging his arms—"I'll come back!"

Anything from "Hamlet" to polo—with moving pictures and pink lemonade and the glad news from the curtain advertisements that somebody's gum aids digestion and that your credit is good at Spink's. Of course the *ingénue* is rather too giggly, and the juvenile in wiping out the lines of care doth his face so brilliantly incarnadine that his eyes are but two black spots like the lumps of coal in a snow-man. The comic aunt overdoes her make-up by hanging a green parrot on the very rim of her bonnet, so that it flops up and down absurdly every time she moves her head.

There are all sorts of exaggerations, over-accents, a continuous scaling down. You see the author's work through a glass darkly, perhaps. But you do see. For thirty cents (fifty in the evening) you see plays of established merit, while Broadway is paying two dollars to see plays tried out.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator became aware while he was still a child that there is an annual festival among the American people, a midsummer day's festival—for it takes place about the end of June—which is not down in any calendar. It occurs out of the sight of that great American life that lies inland, and its gala days are held on the dingy wharves of our big cities that edge the Atlantic. This festival is the annual hegira "abroad." The day was hot, and the visitors, fruit, and flowers were abundant. Most abundant of all were the visitors, who tumbled and trampled over one another with the utmost good nature. The Spectator watched it all realizing that in no other country of the world could such a travel festival be seen; that in no other country of the world did young and old, wise and careless, poor and rich, scatter across seas with the oncoming of summer.

It was not long before the bustle, cheering, and gayety of the landing-stage were forgotten, and the Spectator began to be grateful to any one who had enough good cheer or zest to show it: to a group of college boys singing songs; for the laughter and even the quarreling of three little children, one with a large white bow and small black, snapping eyes. The Spectator was interested to see how amusing the indignation of anything so small could be. He became grateful, too, for the clatter of the shuffleboarders; for the whistling of a fat, self-important boy who paraded the decks with parlor fireworks, while all the ladies told what they would do if he were their son, and the gentlemen said that he ought to be put into a barrel and fed through the bunghole, and his mother exclaimed, apologetically, "Why, Willie!"

Certainly the ocean had begun to swell, and the Spectator sat in his chair thinking. The week of perfect rest had come, the week of hot salt-water baths, of constitutionals on deck, of ship community life. Then the Spectator saw a modest, somewhat plump young woman speed to the railing, look frantically to right and left, lean over (she could not have been meditating suicide, for she had everything to live for), pat herself several times on the chest, gaze wildly behind her, turn, and flee into the cabin. Clearly, here was a new sailor and a new experience. And then the Spectator saw a lady come on deck who neither hesitated nor was puzzled. Seasickness was no mystery to her. She declared in audible tones that she felt ill, and, looking yellow and resigned, she ate nothing for days, did nothing, spoke nothing, and became an animated heap of wraps occasionally leaned over by sympathetic friends and long-suffering deck stewards.

The Spectator kept his eyes turned the other way, idly wondering why it is that some people are chicken-hearted and what that lady would do if "Fire" were shouted. The Spectator was watching passengers promenading by, some lean, some fat, some on their heels, some on the balls of their feet, some tall, some short, some with their hats tipped forward, some with them tilted back. Here was Willie, by no means as yet taking food through a bunghole, pursuing his sister and her newly acquired escort with unwelcome questions. There went a man as if Fate were after him, his nose unnaturally elevated in the air. What was he smelling? The ship's odor? It did not seem good enough to be so attentively sniffed. Happy-looking couples, too, were going by. A young man passed with an older man, and the young fellow seemed pleased and deferential in the society of his senior. A girl passed with an older woman; but theirs must have been quite a different relationship. The Spectator wondered why. Is it possible that the young man keeps his deference for the older and the young woman does not? The Spectator wondered whether it was the older man's growing intellectual supremacy that saved him humiliation by the young.

Ah, well, here was happiness in an oddly assorted pair! A stout, middle-aged paterfamilias was wheeling a very tiny Red Riding-Hood around and around in a perambulator. This substantial nurse-girl had a cigar in his mouth, the baby a shockingly large lollipop in hers. The Spectator was considering how the man's stride would look under petticoats, for it would have done credit to a drum-major. The next time paterfamilias came around he was a little nearer the nursemaid ideal. He had finished his cigar and was whistling. As he was broad and plump, the Spectator had a provoking desire to tie a bonnet down under his chin and put on a blouse and a loose skirt. So habited, how still more trustworthy and substantial he would look, and how anxious mothers would vie with one another to engage his services! The third time they appeared little Red

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Riding-Hood was walking before him, when suddenly she decided to go in another direction. The substantial nurse-girl took a fresh cigar out of his mouth and stepped coyly behind a bulwark, from which he called "Peek-a-boo!" and "Ta-ta!" persuasively. In vain; baby did not follow, but made off towards a gangway. The nurse-girl put her—no, his—cigar back in his mouth and went severely after the runaway infant. When he grabbed her, he was greeted by an emphatic "Yah!" of indignation. Assuredly this nurse-girl understood his duty, and the Spectator admired him. But the Spectator had one grievance against him: he was too substantial to be passed, and, lacking in the deference of the nursery-maid class, he made no sidewise motions to let one go by.

As the conversation and feet continued to flow past the Spectator in an unending stream, most of the talking was about Oberammergau. In snatches he overheard such bits as these: "The custom was begun in the seventeenth century," "Every ten years," "Yes, I've heard that, but Anton Lang—", "No, they can't be commercialized, for ten years ago I heard that the Christus received only—", "You know it was the plague started the whole thing," "They have refused to give it—" On and on it went, but the Spectator was thinking of the beauty of the sea, of water that at dusk was silken and quiet, and of leagues beyond those leagues which the Welsh, with their unquenchable love for beauty, call the "green meadows of the sea." But could these meadows ever seem like home? The Spectator thought not, and was most conscious of the individual, immemorial grief of the sea, as if mortal grief and longing had put on immortality.

The Spectator is certain that one of the greatest benefits derived from a sea voyage is the longing for and appreciation of land which it induces: thoughts of crisp shirts and blouses to be put on, of space to move around in, of beds into which even the least agile can insert themselves without bumping their heads, tying themselves up into a bow-knot very much *à la* pig in "Alice in Wonderland," or barking their shins and ankles. By preference the Spectator occupied an upper berth. But it was not by preference that he fell out of it every morning in an eager but half-somnolent state of answering the steward's call and the lure of hot water. Yes, the Spectator is very certain that large good comes from thoughts of land. Deprived of it for a week, the commonest objects—and they are always the best—become fairly romantic. Green grass, the smell of it; Mother Earth, good solid Mother Earth, friendly and firm under one's feet; the sound of singing leaves, the sight of them; smoke curling out of chimneys, and all the homely life within doors; the scent of flowers in field and garden; the sight of hills; the chirping and song of birds—longings for these little sisters, the birds, as Saint Francis of Assisi called them, scarcely satisfied by the squeak of the couch in the Spectator's stateroom, which suggests ever so little (and with what promise of joys to be!) the mew of a sea-gull. As the Spectator is athletic and loves walking, the thought of a road, a long road, a good adventurous road without end, a road that is not "leggy," as the promenade's deck is, fills his heart with ecstasy. The Spectator knows now how that road will smell, how that road will feel, how that road will look, how that road will lead on and on, past hill and valley, cottage and field. Indeed, the Spectator has reached such a state that he writes down the one word ROAD and insists that in itself it is a poem—a narrative poem. Then the Spectator writes down COTTAGE, FLOWERS, and BIRDS, and says, "Lyric!" Then he writes EARTH, and fairly shouts, "Mother of all poems!"

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THE NEW BOOKS

Mr. Vaughan Kester's "The Manager of the B. & A." is hardly comparable with his earlier story, "The Prodigal Judge," in originality of subject and treatment, but it is a clear, tersely written, and well-constructed novel, with action, character, and love—all interwoven with an industrial motive. Mr. Kester, we are informed, did not live to reap the full reward of popular success for his brilliant work as a fiction writer of notable promise and praiseworthy performance. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.20.)

Miss Ellen Glasgow's novels always combine an attractive rendering of character with a background of social problem. In "The Miller of the Old Church" one feels that Miss Glasgow is more successful in the first element than in the second. Her men and women are delightfully introduced; their by-play of talk, their emotions, and their mutual relations are admirably presented. But the plot does not develop very strongly, and there is a lack of clearness in the working out of the author's purpose. This is to show the conflict in the New South between the old and aristocratic strain and the rough and practical rising generation, which may have grown out of the "poor white" class, but has come into independent and vigorous existence. Criticism aside, the book is thoroughly readable, is one of the best of this summer's novels, and has already interested and entertained a very large number of lovers of fiction. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.)

If Mrs. Fremont Older's recently published novel, "Esther Damon," is a first venture in fiction, it is a promising piece of work in its freshness of handling of old materials and its generous human spirit. The contrasts of the story are somewhat too dramatic and the lines between sinners and saints too sharply drawn. Little provincial towns are proverbially hard in their moral judgments, largely, no doubt, through lack of opportunity of seeing life broadly and understanding the force of its temptations; but the little town in which Esther Damon and Robert Orme rebuild their shattered lives is made up too exclusively of Pharisees, and the local churches too exclusively of Calvinistic fanatics. It may be that Mrs. Older knows this community; unusual things in fiction are generally reports of facts; but one cannot help feeling that the repentant sinners are set in a somewhat over-emphasized contrast with the self-righteous saints. The story of the young man of excellent inheritance and high promise who becomes the town drunkard, and of the young girl whose innocent instincts are crushed by her blindly and stupidly pious parents, and who commits the great sin against her womanhood before she knows what womanhood is; of the slow torture of unchristian persecution which drives the two outcasts to make a kind of common cause of their struggle for moral rehabilitation; of their rejection of the older forms of faith and social order and their experiment in social reconstruction; of the girl's tragically painful return to her earlier faith, and her flight from temptation to religious work in another part of the world; of her symbolic return after the discipline has done its work—these experiences are set down in this novel with feeling and purpose. The purpose is too evident at times and the contrasts are too strong; but there are ability and promise in the book. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

"Leila," Antonio Fogazzaro's posthumous novel, has been called a retraction. It is not a retraction. In no one of his romances has the Italian writer held up the reactionary elements in the Roman Catholic priesthood to severer criticism than he does in two of the characters in the present volume, Don Emanuele and the arch priest. Nowhere has he shown the saintliness as well as the sanity of Modernism better than in the character of Don Aurelio. What he has further written—and this gives the only color to the accusation of a retraction—is quietly and sturdily, as he has always done, to uphold the Church's authority even when that authority augurs ill to the progressives, for he seems convinced that the authority will ultimately be brought by progressiveness itself into substantial harmony with modern conditions. As to the "story part," Leila and her lover may not appeal to us with the appeal, at once sharp-edged and large, of Elena and Daniele, but perhaps the latter characters were the best Fogazzaro ever drew. As a novel "Leila" also lacks the literary finish of "Daniele Cortis." Of course "Leila" has a melancholy interest for all lovers of Fogazzaro because it is his last book. It also has a peculiar interest to those who wonder how Fogazzaro would solve the Modernist problem, because it continues the Benedetto thread, begun in "Il Santo"—indeed, really begun in perhaps what seems to us Fogazzaro's most noteworthy novel as regards the delineation of scenery and folk life, namely, "Piccolo

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Mondo Antico," published in English under the title of "The Patriot." We turn the last page of "Leila," therefore, with a pang, for of all modern Italian writers Fogazzaro is the one who best unites the qualities of patriot and preacher. His influence on Italian literature and life, and indeed on the world's literature and life, should be enduring. (George H. Doran & Co., New York. $1.35.)

"The Republican Tradition in Europe," by H. A. L. Fisher, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Fellow of the British Academy, is a publication of a course of Lowell Lectures (Boston) for 1910. The book lacks something of coherence and continuity. The first three chapters are not history so much as reflections upon history. The reader must know something about mediæval Europe in order to understand them. On the other hand, we do not remember ever to have seen a more brilliant, interesting, and at the same time compact sketch of the French Revolution than the one furnished by Chapters IV and V. Of course, within such narrow limits details are impossible, and dramatic episodes in the Revolution are passed by with only a reference. Nevertheless, the reader who wishes to get a comprehensive view of that great dramatic episode in human development could hardly do better than to read the eighty pages which constitute the two chapters on "The Rise of the French Republic" and "The Nature of the Revolutionary State." The Italian revolution is more graphically portrayed by Andrew D. White in the chapter on "Cavour," in his "Seven Great Statesmen." Speaking generally, we should say of this book that it indicates in the writer thorough familiarity with his subject, but not thorough familiarity with the popular ignorance on the subject, and therefore the book is valuable rather to the informed student of history than to the general reader. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

As Maud Cruttwell says in her just published "Donatello," that sculptor is doubtless the most important figure among the artists of the fifteenth century. He interpreted in marble and bronze the newly awakened elements of the early Renaissance —the joy of physical life, the emancipation from unnecessary austerities, and, above all, the recognition of the mind's individuality. Yet a salient feature of this superb volume is the author's insistence on the Gothic period of Donatello's career. As did hardly any other artist, Donatello united the best of the Gothic age to the best of the Renaissance. Up to his middle period his works show a decided Gothic influence; after that a decided Renaissance influence. He marks the bridge from the idealized expressions, no matter how interesting, of such sculptors as Quercia and Ghiberti; he marks the entrance of a naked veracity and realism, crude as some of it may be. In this transition Donatello was king. He came to know how to express equally well a tragic asceticism and a mere physical exuberance. And so, in his ripest achievement, he unites as does no other sculptor the sensuous and the spiritual, expressing both in terms of independent originality. No wonder that he dominated for the time the Florentine school of painting as well as that of sculpture. Miss Cruttwell's text, always suggestive, suffers from one limitation, and that is the fact that the illustrations are grouped together at the end of the book. It is tiresome continually to turn from text to illustration which should have interleaved the pages describing it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.)

That the Bible is the best-selling book is admitted. That it is also the best-studied book is equally true, though less often said. During the last decade the movement for voluntary Bible study in the colleges has extended from a few thousand students to eighty thousand in eighteen different nations, including the remotest in the Far East. Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's volume, "College Men and the Bible," published under the auspices of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, gives a graphic record of this development of interest in Bible study among students differing in creed and race. "The book," says Mr. Clayton, "is being rediscovered . . . as a means leading to successful and normal human service." Not a theological but an ethical interest impels the majority of Asiatics to study it in numbers dependent mostly on the number and equipment of teachers; but it is the ethics of the Bible by which its religion is commended. The leaders of this pedagogic enterprise place all emphasis upon truth and life. "Judging from the results at the United States Military Academy," said Colonel Larned at West Point, "I am inclined to believe that this student uprising for the study of the Bible is one of the most profitable and strategic movements of our times." To his record of progress and results Mr. Cooper adds valuable chapters on the organizing and method of Bible study, its various values, and the call of modern life for the leadership that the Bible inspires. (New York Association Press, New York. $1.)

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

A PROPOSED CHARTER

There is at present in this city a plan to revise the municipal charter, and a board of freeholders has been elected by the people to consider it. There are certain provisions in the projected charter, referring to the management of the public schools, regarding which I should be pleased to have your opinion. The new, or proposed, charter calls for five salaried Commissioners: (1) Public Works; (2) Public Safety; (3) Finance; (4) Parks, Library, and Schools; (5) Public Affairs. These five Commissioners will sit as a school board in review of the acts of the Commissioner of Schools, who will appoint the Superintendent of Schools. It is a desire of some of us to see, rather than this plan, a small independent Board of Education—say, three or five—elected at large and serving without pay, and controlling the schools, with the Superintendent as the executive officer of the Board.

Will you be good enough to answer the following queries·

(1) Are you disposed to favor the commission form of city government?

(2) Of the two plans referred to, which would be your preference, and why?

H. O. WILLIAMS,
Principal Sacramento High School.
Sacramento, California.

[It seems to us that our correspondent is pursuing the proper course looking towards the revision of the charter. Cities ought to frame their own charters, and the Legislature should allow them whatever charter they choose to frame, provided it is not inconsistent with republican principles of government and does not infringe upon the rights and functions of the State.

Answering his questions more specifically:

1. We are disposed to favor it. It gives concentrated responsibility, and, so long as the commission is elected by the people on the general ticket, either for a short term or subject to the possibility of recall, it is as democratic as the old form of government. The main work of municipal government is administrative, not legislative. The interests of the city are one. We can see no reason why there should be a Board of Aldermen, elected by wards or districts. The country has fashioned its city governments on the model of the State and the Nation, following tradition blindly, and without consideration of the essential difference between the city and the State.

2. It seems to The Outlook a great mistake to have the five Commissioners sit as a school board. The men who would be admirable in administering public works, public safety, and the like might not be in the least competent to direct the public education of a community. There should be in such a city as Sacramento an educational head to the public school system, which should be composed of educational experts, and to whose hands the educational work should be intrusted. And there should be a small unpaid board of business men, who should have charge of the business interests, as the board of trustees of a college have charge of its business affairs. The drawing the line between the educational and the business board is a matter of some delicacy, and the line might have to be modified as the result of experience, but all educational experience seems to point to the desirability of this fundamental principle—the unpaid board for business, the paid board of educational experts for teaching. Dr. Albert Shaw's two volumes on municipal government were written before the present commission form was worked out, but they are well worth careful study by any one engaged in the construction of a municipal charter.—THE EDITORS.]

"WHY STOP WITH SHYLOCK?"

I

In The Outlook for July 22 I read your editorial on "Why Stop with Shylock?" and I was surprised at the narrow attitude which this article presented. If the Danes or Americans of French descent were continually held up for ridicule, or if their children were derided daily for their nationality, don't you think they could *rightly* object to the public school reading of anything which would intensify this feeling?

The young son of a friend of mine told me of his own mortification when he was called upon to read in class from the trial scene in this play. The covert smiles of the children during this reading and their open jeers at recess made a deep impression on this child. I appreciate the greatness of "The Merchant of Venice," but the study of this play should be left for our colleges. The students then are of an age to see in Shylock, not a picture of an arch-fiend, but a characterization of a wronged man whom brutal treatment has made brutal.

LEAH W. STARR.
Kansas City, Missouri.

II

In your comment on the protest of some Jews against the use of "The Merchant of

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Venice" as a text-book in the public schools you overlook two important facts.

In the first place, the comparisons you make are not valid. In this country there is no prejudice against Danes and Puritans, and very little against Catholics, while there is a very real and powerful prejudice against Jews. The use of a text-book will hardly give rise to a prejudice, though it may strengthen one that is already existent.

Secondly, the objection is to the use of "The Merchant of Venice" as a text-book in the more elementary schools, and not to its study in the higher schools and colleges. In many schools "The Merchant of Venice" is either the first or the second of Shakespeare's plays to be studied, and it is the only one that many children become acquainted with in the public schools. To many Jews it seems that another selection would be wiser.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I—and I believe that many, if not most, Jews will agree with me—do not believe that the use of "The Merchant of Venice" in the schools is necessarily productive of anti-Jewish prejudice. Whether it does so or not depends entirely upon the teacher. If properly used, it ought to be a means of dispelling anti-Jewish prejudice, not of increasing it.

New York City. J. G.

[It is impossible not to sympathize with the views expressed in these two letters. But, in our opinion, the way to deal with this problem is not that objected to in our editorial paragraph several weeks ago, but that suggested by the last few sentences of the second letter here printed. The way to avoid the inflaming of race prejudice is not by excluding a masterpiece of literature from the schools, but by seeing to it that it is properly presented to the pupils by the teacher. We agree with our correspondent that in the case of "The Merchant of Venice," "if properly used, it ought to be a means of dispelling anti-Jewish prejudice, not of increasing it."—THE EDITORS.]

A CORRECTION

In a recent number of The Outlook there appeared an article from the Rev. Frank Vining Fisher, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Ogden, attributing to the Salt Lake "Tribune" a report of President Smith's opening statement at the April Conference. The fact is that that report was the official report of the "Deseret News," the organ of the Mormon Church, and was printed in that paper in quotation marks as though it were the stenographic report. The "Tribune" copied that report precisely as the official organ of the Church printed it. We object, therefore, to the "Tribune" being charged with the authorship of that report of President Smith's address. It was the report in the official organ of the Church, and not the "Tribune's" report. This Mr. Fisher must have known if he made any investigation of the question at all. I do not see why he took pains to attribute this report to the "Tribune," contrary to the fact.

WILLIAM NELSON,
Editor the "Tribune."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

In your article in The Outlook of June 17 you speak of the tenets of Judaism, the Fatherhood of God, etc. I have always felt that the Fatherhood of God was revealed to us first by Jesus, and that in this very essential consists the difference between Christianity and Judaism. May I ask you to kindly set me right by referring me to the Old Testament texts justifying your position?

O. E. L.

[In the following texts will be found evidence of the statement that the Fatherhood of God was a faith of ancient Israel: Psalm ciii. 13—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Proverbs iii. 12—"For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." Isaiah lxiv. 8—"But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we are all the work of thy hand." Jeremiah xxxi. 9—"They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them: I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble: for I am a father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn." Also in Isaiah lxvi. 13, God is compared to a mother who comforteth her child, and in Hosea, chapter ii, he is compared to a forgiving husband of an unfaithful wife. A reference Bible would probably give, through these texts, references to other analogous passages. This truth of ancient Israel Jesus took, applied, and developed.—THE EDITORS.]

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BY THE WAY

New Yorkers may begin to look cheerful when speaking of the subway situation. Work has begun on the new subways, and it is to be carried on under the "cut and cover" system. This will obviate much of the dirt and disorder which the city endured for years while the old subway was building under the "open cut" system. Furthermore, the Interborough has opened a "complaint bureau" for dissatisfied passengers, who are invited to offer suggestions either in writing or in person. It is supposed that visitors to this bureau will not be lacking.

The Hon. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, who recently visited the Panama Canal on a tour of inspection, has also visited Porto Rico and Cuba on his way home. In Havana the methods employed by Major Ferguson in raising the Maine were inspected by him with great interest.

The pastor of a Methodist church in Mount Vernon, New York, has refused to take a month's vacation offered him. "The so-called vacation," he says, "becomes a source of great weariness, so that people are glad to return home for a rest."

That the absence of ministers on vacations has its serious side is seen in the report that the town of Flushing, Long Island, has been pastorless, so far as its nine Protestant pastors were concerned, during the month of August. None of them, it is said, was on hand to conduct a funeral service. This would seem to furnish an excellent reason why ministers should "get together" and make arrangements for co-operation in the matter of vacations.

Two women describe in the "National Geographic Magazine" their means for mental and spiritual refreshment. Miss Dora Keen climbs mountains. She says: "I climb for pleasure, for the wonderful views and the vigorous exertion, for the relaxation of a complete change for mind and body, and because of the inspiration to the spirit." Mrs. A. B. Comstock keeps bees, and for these reasons: "Bee-keeping is one of the best of the life-saving, nerve-healing avocations. It takes the mind from household cares as completely as would a trip to Europe. As a means of cultivating calmness, patience, and self-control, the bee is a well-recognized factor. There is only one way to manage exasperation with bees—that is, to control it. And this makes the apiary a means of grace." There is no indication that Mrs. Comstock is writing with sarcastic intent.

The three-masted schooner George B. Cluett left New York recently with a cargo of supplies to aid Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell in his work among the fishermen of Labrador. The schooner was the gift of Mr. George B. Cluett, of Troy, New York, to the Grenfell Association.

Experiments recently made by M. Pictet at the University of Geneva, as reported by the "Scientific American," indicate that a new industrial use may be made of the process of refrigeration. He freezes live fish in a solid block of ice, "and keeps the whole at this point by means of a freezing apparatus for two or three months. After this time the block of ice is thawed out very slowly, and the seemingly dead fish come to life and swim about as usual." If this process can be commercialized, the canned-fish industry may suffer a decline.

The trial of the McNamara brothers in Los Angeles has been set for October 14. Detective Burns's evidence is foreshadowed very effectively in an interview with him published in "McClure's Magazine" for August. We note a pamphlet issued by the International Trade Unions calling for fair treatment of the accused—which they should certainly have. But the pamphlet says: "We know John J. McNamara. He is an industrious, reliable, painstaking, and courteous gentleman." The word "gentleman" somehow jars when a man is accused of base and brutal crimes.

The Socialist State Convention of Maryland last week adopted resolutions condemning the Boy Scouts of America on account of the supposed tendency of the society towards fostering the spirit of militarism. But what would the Socialists have the boys do? Why not condemn the militaristic features and commend the other, indisputably excellent characteristics of the organization?

The Southern Pacific Railroad has, says the San Francisco "Chronicle," decided in future to employ only men in the clerical force of its passenger department. The reasons given are: first, women marry about the time when they would be of special use to the railway; second, they cannot be included in the system of advancement adopted by the Southern Pacific.

The International Congress of Applied Chemistry will meet in Washington, September 4, in response to an invitation extended by President Taft at the instance of more than four thousand American chemists. The last Congress was held in London in 1909.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie will be somewhat perturbed, we doubt not, by the announcement that the city of Pittsburgh, well and favorably known to him, is to have a superfluous letter added to its name as officially spelled by the Government. The Post-Office Department has announced that it will abandon the simplified spelling "Pittsburg," heretofore used, and add the "h."

The Rev. J. M. Thompson, of Magdalen College, Oxford, England, a cable despatch reports, has been deposed from the ministry by the Bishop of Winchester, for heretical views as to the virgin birth, the resurrection, and the miracles.

A new aeroplane record for altitude with a passenger was made recently, at the Nassau field on Long Island, by George W. Beatty. He climbed to a height of 3,100 feet. In France a new record for height was made August 5, by Captain Félix, who ascended 11,330 feet—more than two miles.

"Imagine half a dozen stalks rising to a height of eight or ten feet and crowned by twenty fragrant, white, trumpet-shaped flowers, each six inches or more long! Or, better still, imagine what you are more likely to get—stems as tall as a man, and seven or eight flowers each five inches long." So writes Mr. Henry Maxwell in "Country Life in America," describing the most magnificent of lilies, the *Lilium giganteum*. He claims that this great flower can be produced without much difficulty, if you have a "peat garden," and that for the peat garden a bit of damp woods may be substituted.

Canadian surveyors engaged in delimiting the international boundary have, it is reported, discovered a new river four hundred miles long. It has been euphoniously named the Black Crow River. Surveying parties ought to be accompanied by a practiced name-maker in future, so that we should have fewer Hog Back Mountains, Kicking Horse Valleys, etc., on our maps.

The protracted strike of the machinists employed by R. Hoe & Co., of New York City, has been settled by compromise. The eight-hour day is to be gradually adopted. The men struck for its immediate adoption and the firm wished to retain the nine-hour day.

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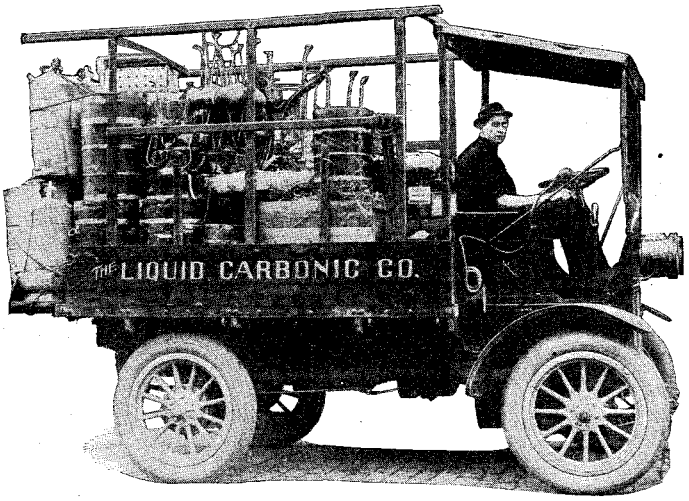
Franklin Pneumatic-Tired Trucks



THE LIQUID CARBONIC COMPANY

Chicago, May 26, 1911

Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Our Franklin one-ton truck, put in service Dec. 12, 1910, has covered 8,000 miles, and we are still using the original set of tires.

In our estimation there is no other one-ton truck on the market that will give the satisfaction in our kind of work that the Franklin has. We have tried out from fifteen to eighteen different makes and have found none which will do the work with the same speed and minimum delay and expense. We heartily indorse pneumatic tires for light delivery work.

Liquid Carbonic Company.

Detailed analysis of the cost of fuel and oil for this work shows the following averages:

Average mileage per day	52.46
Average mileage per gallon gasoline	9.8
Average mileage per gallon oil	191.2
Average cost per mile, gasoline and oil	$ .019
Average cost per mile of tires (based on 10,000 mile service)	.034
Average cost per mile for tires, gasoline and oil	.053

Light, strong, resilient construction, large pneumatic tires and an air-cooled motor make the Franklin the most efficient and economical motor truck built.

Resilient construction absorbs all the jolting and jarring of driving over rough streets and greatly reduces wear and tear; large pneumatic tires cushion road shocks and allow much more rapid delivery than can be maintained with safety by a truck using solid tires; the air-cooled motor assures absolute dependability in every climate.

Write for illustrated catalogue Franklin Commercial Cars
Full details 1000-lb. Light Delivery sent on request

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

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Classified Advertisements

Advertising rates are: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Summer Camps, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, three columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the Saturday on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear. Address Advertising Department, The Outlook, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

American Hotels, Resorts, Tours and Travel

CONNECTICUT

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct.—First-class in all respects; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

BERKSHIRE HILLS

Interlaken Inn and Cottages, **Lakeville, Conn.** 2 hours from New York; between two lakes; service first class; accommodation for automobile parties. Address Manager.

Dr. Givens' Sanitarium

For NERVOUS and mild MENTAL diseases. Has separate cottages for ALCOHOL and DRUG patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

MAINE

CASCO BAY, Littlejohns Island, Me. Rockmere House and Cottages. A quiet, restful place with country and seashore combined. Moderate prices. Booklet. Opens June 15. G. H. HAMILTON, Prop.

Greenwood Mountain. A Sanatorium for incipient tuberculosis. Excellent dietetic, open-air treatment. Board, bed, nursing and medical attendance fifteen dollars per week. Patients received only through physicians. Maine Sanatorium, Hebron, Me.

MAPLECROFT FARM, Norway, Me. 16th season. Open till October. Send for booklet. High elevation. Good table and service. W. C. HOBBS.

THE BEECHES, Paris Hill, Me.

Altitude 900 ft. Sanitarium for semi-invalids. CHARLOTTE F. HAMMOND, M. D.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Ocean View

Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, Mass.

An ideal resort on the Massachusetts Coast. Hot sea water baths. Auto garage. Booklet. H. W. DUNKLEE, Prop.

COTUIT CAPE COD | SANTUIT HOUSE and Cottages

JAS. WEBB, Prop.

THE HARBOR VIEW

East Gloucester, Mass.

Situated directly on Gloucester Bay. Piazza 400 feet long. Private telephone exchange connecting rooms. Tennis court. Table a special feature. Booklet. W. F. OSBORNE.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Finest harbor, greatest yachting center on Atlantic coast. **THE LESLIE** situated on edge of harbor, rooms with or without private bath. Address M. M. CHANDLER.

New Management

THE GREYLOCK

Williamstown, Mass.

Northern gateway of the Berkshires. Seat of Williams College. Special rates for August. Send for booklet. Henry N. Teague, Lessee.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillside Inn, White Mountains. Greatly enlarged; rates moderate; popular sports; grand mt. climbing & drives; garage. Booklet. L. T. Clawson, Prop., Bethlehem, N. H.

Intervale N. H.

White Mountains

THE PEQUAWKET INN

Opens June 1st. Special early rates. Booklets. C. C. SMALL.

NEW JERSEY

The ENGLESIDE

Beach Haven, N. J.

NOW OPEN. The best combination of seashore features on the coast. Matchless bay for sailing and fishing, perfect beach and bathing. The Engleside has all the modern conveniences, private baths, with sea and fresh water. Booklet. R. F. Engle, Manager. SURE RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

SEA GIRT, N. J.

THE TREMONT

Every room the same full ocean view. Right on the beach. No "inside" rooms. Family rates. S. HINKSON-WOODWARD.

Private country home for invalids and convalescents. Seashore and country. Fine table, country produce. Excellent care. Highest references. Address 3,647, Outlook.

NEW YORK CITY

Coming to New York?

Stop at **THE HOTEL ARLINGTON** (opposite Trinity Chapel), 18-20 West 25th St., near Broadway and Fifth Ave. Convenient to all lines of transportation. In the center of theater and shopping district. Seldom is there found a hotel so centrally located, yet so quiet and homelike. It is the aim of the management to maintain a high class transient hotel with comfort and good service at reasonable rates. European plan. Rooms with lavatories $1.50 up. With bath $2 up. Suites $3 up. Write for illustrated booklet and souvenir card.

MARGARET LOUISA HOME

of the Y. W. C. A.

14 East 16th St., New York

A homelike hotel for Protestant self-supporting women. **Rates in rooms 50c to 90c.** Restaurant open to all women. Meals à la carte and table d'hôte. **Breakfast 25c, luncheon 25c, Dinner 40c.** Send for circular.

HOTEL CHELSEA

West 23d Street, New York

FIREPROOF. Restaurant à la carte and table d'hôte. Club breakfasts.

Room with adjoining bath, $1.50
Room and private bath, $2.00
Suites, $3.00 and upward

Write for coloured map "B" of New York

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON

53 Washington Square, adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines. Mrs. JAMES KNOTT, Proprietor.

NEW YORK

The Gleason Health Resort

Elmira, New York

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST

Dr. John C. Fisher, Resident Physician
E. B. Gleason, Propr.

"INTERPINES"

A quiet, restful HOME for the nervous invalid. Booklet on application. Drs. F. W. and F. W. SEWARD, Goshen, N. Y.

"It's all in the care."

DR. STRONG'S

The Saratoga Springs Sanitarium

Write for Booklet A

PENNSYLVANIA

Easton Sanitarium

For treatment of the nervous or mentally ill. Superior location; skilled care. Visit here before selecting a place elsewhere, or call up Dr. Kinney for particulars. Phone 1661, Easton, Pa.

The Wiscasset Bungalows

MT. POCONO, PA.

For September. Two bungalows for rent, furnished. **Central Dining Hall.** The comforts of home without the cares of housekeeping. M. C. LOCKWOOD.

POCONO MANOR

Monroe Co., Pa.

Under management of Friends. 1,800 feet above sea level; finest scenery in Pocono Mountains. For table, water, social advantages, the appointments are unsurpassed. Send for announcement. M. E. WISTAR, Mgr., Pocono Manor P.O., Pa.

GALEN HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Announces

THE PRESTON

WERNERSVILLE, PA.

Is now open for guests under the same direction that has established the fame of **Galen Hall, Atlantic City.** A charming mountain home, exceptionally dry climate, with beautiful scenery. BUNGALOWS FOR RENT.

F. L. YOUNG, General Manager.

Apartments

Physician's Office

For rent, furnished, in private house. Fine living accommodations. Mrs. Gluck, 1041 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

University Professor seeks to rent

7-room furnished apartment in N. Y. October 1st from some one going abroad for 9 months. Best care. Highest references. Can pay moderate rental. 3,649, Outlook.

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"Round the World"

TOURS—Eastbound, Westbound, Southbound. Sept., Oct., and later

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Leaves September, another in Feb.

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August or September. Visiting Greece, Palestine, Egypt.

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January and February sailings.

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Europe, Egypt, the Orient, Round the World. Write Dr. & Mrs. H. S. PAINE, Glens Falls, N. Y.

A LADY who has traveled extensively abroad would be glad to chaperon one or two young ladies wishing to visit Europe during the summer, or longer if desired. The very highest references as to her ability and refinement will be furnished. She also refers by permission to the advertising manager of The Outlook. Address 1,449, Outlook.

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2,000 at one cent each. Greek Handbook by Edmund Von Mach, 1 vol., $1.50. Italian Handbooks, 2 vols., $1.50 each.

Send two-cent stamp for catalogue.

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EUROPE Select 9,000-mile summer tours. Personal escort; **$260**

wide choice of routes; eleven years' experience; highest testimonials. Apply at once.
THE TEMPLE TOURS, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

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FREE Literature will be sent to anyone interested in the wonderful Sacramento Valley, the richest valley in the world. Unlimited opportunities. Thousands of acres available at right prices. The place for a man wanting a home in the finest climate on earth. No lands for sale; organized to give reliable information. SACRAMENTO VALLEY DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 800 2nd St., Sacramento, California.

CONNECTICUT

ZINC LANDS FOR SALE. 1,500 acres in fee; titles absolute; apparently entirely underlaid with jack-sulphide zinc. Address L.P.O., Drawer E., New Haven, Ct.

MAINE

Land for an Ideal Summer Home by the Sea

For sale at Eastern Point, York Harbor, Maine—46,000 sq. feet. Commands a fine sea view. Is about 400 feet from shore and is about 50 feet above sea level. Now covered with grove of tall shade trees. The demand for cottages at this old and favorite resort is far beyond the supply. Price $5,000. *Illustrated circular upon request.* J. PERLEY PUTNAM, York Harbor, Maine.

MASSACHUSETTS

LELAND FARM AGENCY New England Farms—All prices. Weekly Circular free. Dept. 6, P. F. LELAND, 31 Milk St., Boston.

8 Miles Water Front, Ocean and Bay

Dry, sandy land, an arm of Chappaquiddick Island, Martha's Vineyard. Sold as a whole or in parts, from $200 an acre up. Apply Miss A. R. LEE, Morristown, New Jersey.

Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Popular corner house near campus for college students, for sale, including furniture. D., 100 Glenwood Boulevard, Schenectady, N. Y.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

3-Room Chalets $250

Built to order. Sites $30 an acre. Panorama of entire Presidential Range at its best. Three college professors, 2 clergymen, 1 doctor, and 3 lady teachers now in residence. Photos. Address Rev. J. E. Johnson, Littleton, N. H.

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Montclair, N. J.

An exceptional opportunity to rent an attractive house at a low rental. Centrally located, having an extensive view, and yet away from the main thoroughfares. For full particulars address

X Montclair, care Outlook.

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NEW J

Madison, N. J. For ban residence 50 York, D. L. & W. R. R. hood. House 13 rooms, 2 l grounds. Condict, 865 W.

FOR SA

Camp in the

With 22 acres of forest, 600 fe mountain lake 60 miles from New ownership two-thirds lake. Safe Black bass. Trout stream near. Ne ing spring and brook. Two bungalows 3 rooms, servants' quarters, stable, 3 b canoe, 2 wagons, etc. Room for bungal colony. Would make admirable school or Y. M. C. A. camp. All, $3,000.
C. C. EDMUNDS, Sea Girt, N. J.

NEW YORK CITY

Do You Know $105 Will Buy

a good lot in New York City? Only 17 cents a day. Profit certain. Address N. Y. City Subdivision Co., 1140 Singer Bldg., New York.

NEW YORK

For Sale—The Osprey House Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y. Modern hotel and cottages on beautiful lake in the Adirondacks. Altitude 1,800 feet. Address Charles E. Vandenburgh.

FOR SALE

Exclusive Country Club on Beautiful Lake Champlain

100 acres, 1,400 feet shore, farm house. 280 miles from New York. Delaware and Hudson Railroad provides excellent service to this point. Station 3 minute walk. 50 desirable camp sites. Ground for golf links. Spring water. Pike fishing unsurpassed. Private sale. No brokers. Desirable for summer school or college. Will sell at bargain—half cash.
Allen & Feldstein, Owners, Lake Placid, N. Y.

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SIX BEAUTIFUL FARMS FOR SALE to close estate of David Billmyer

In the "Apple Belt" on the upper Potomac at head of picturesque Shenandoah Valley, 60 miles west of Washington, D. C. 100 to 600 acres each (fine improvements), under high state of cultivation; richest limestone soil; high elevation; splendid climate; cultured and aristocratic neighborhood. As an investment or for a home, these properties are worthy of careful consideration. Write for handsome illustrated catalog "E."

E. E. & G. W. BILLMYER, Agents
Shepherdstown, W. Va.

BOARD AND ROOMS

77th St., 301 West. Handsomely furnished double and single rooms with excellent board. Convenient to Subway, near Riverside Drive. References. Misses Vanderhoof & Reynolds.

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THE GOSPEL OF CO-OPERATION IN THE COMMERCIAL WORLD. Two questions of the day: How to decrease the cost of living without lowering the standard? How to raise the standard of living without increasing the cost? The solution of the problem is CO-OPERATION. Ministers of all denominations who are interested in this question and are willing to devote a part of their time, WITH COMPENSATION, to the advocacy of a co-operative plan of which they approve, may communicate with Rev. Wm. C. Stinson, D.D., 702 Fuller Building, New York City.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE handbook free. Correspondence courses. American School Home Economics. Chicago.

A TABLE DECORATION that will bloom profusely within ten weeks. Plant some Mammoth Narcissi in dishes of pebbles and water. They grow with little or no attention and make a most beautiful and absolutely unique table decoration. From the time the bulbs begin to grow until they bloom the plants are interesting and very decorative. Send 25 cents for 6 bulbs and instructions. H. Gordinier, Bulb Importer, Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, Page Building, Chicago.

ENERGETIC BOOKKEEPER for farm accounts and statistics of institution near New York. Knowledge of outdoor affairs desirable. Give full particulars and wages expected. 6,219, Outlook.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT for subordinate editorial position on established woman's magazine. A well educated, intelligent young woman with some experience in proof-reading, editing, and re-writing manuscripts. Write fully, giving age, qualifications, and experience. B., 9,938, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED (engagement at once)—A trustworthy, educated woman. Care of boy, four years old, and plain sewing. References required. Mrs. C. H. Tibbits, Wallingford, Ct.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted in a girls' school in the country near New York City. One who has had experience in a large establishment and who is competent of managing thirty-five servants. No catering required, but entire charge of every other department of the housekeeping, including the laundry. No engagement made without a personal interview. In reply state all particulars as to age, experience, and salary expected. Address 6,183, Outlook.

WANTED—A refined young woman to help mother with small children. Mrs. J. U. Fogle, Nonquitt, Mass.

YOUNG woman wanted for waiting, and take charge of trays in sanitarium in New England village. Only those with exceptional references need apply. Wages thirty dollars. 6,199, Outlook.

WANTED—A working housekeeper for school just out of New York. References required. 6,201, Outlook.

FLORIDA this winter, working housekeeper, also teacher three children. For parties looking for nice place spend winter, with salary as minor consideration. Chas. Stokes, Lee Center, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN woman, middle-aged, as housekeeper. Three in family. Good home. Reference required. 6,236, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSES' Training School. Three years' course, training in all branches. Hospital of seventy beds. Delightful location on the Hudson River. Applicants must have at least one year high school. Women of superior education given preference. Address Vassar Brothers Hospital Training School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for Bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST? Certification, etc., explained. 20c. stamps. Boynton-Esterly Teachers' Agency, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

FOR housekeepers, matrons, governesses, mothers' helpers, etc., address Miss Richards, Saunderstown, R. I.

TEACHERS wanted. Vacancies rapidly occurring. Write to-day for booklet. New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WANTED—Resident instructor for three children at Ridgeway Plantation, Clarkton, Virginia. Experience in school work, also references necessary. State salary expected. 6,211, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess to accompany an American family to Porto Rico in September. Teach English and Spanish. Three small children. Return to America every summer. Mrs. O'Neill, 2291 Aqueduct Ave., N. Y. C.

THE Hopkins' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Avenue. Teachers, governesses, housekeepers, companions, secretaries. Schools recommended.

NURSERY governess wanted. St. Paul, Minnesota. Swiss or German. Accustomed to the physical care of young children. References desired. 6,225, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARYSHIP by educated young woman. Experienced stenographer, bookkeeper, and teacher. References exchanged. 6,191, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED woman desires position as companion. Good traveler. 6,164, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires position as secretary or traveling companion. Experienced. 6,155, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER. Eight years in boys' preparatory school. Free September 20th. Housekeeper, companion. 6,158, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires good home where any kind of light duties can be ably filled. Vicinity of New York City. 6,193, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, companion, or any position of responsibility by capable young gentlewoman. Would travel. References exchanged. Address 6,192, Outlook.

COMPANION—Young lady would travel. References. Tabb, Riovista, Virginia.

EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper desires position school or institution. 6,190, Outlook.

LADY by birth and education desires position as reader, secretary, or caretaker for a person with poor eyesight or blind, or for the care of a semi-invalid or motherless child. Address Box 101, Warm Springs, Va.

EXPERIENCED domestic science graduate desires position as matron in school or institution. References. 6,197, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

BY cultivated woman, widely traveled, experienced in domestic science, French, massage, wise with children, position as companion or managing housekeeper. 6,180, Outlook.

PERSON to care for very mild mental case in Wisconsin or adjoining State. 6,212, Outlook.

NURSERY governess or managing housekeeper. Experienced. 6,221, Outlook.

SITUATION as traveling companion. Am middle-aged, educated, refined lady. References. 6,222, Outlook.

REFINED, capable woman desires position as companion. Traveling preferred. References. 6,223, Outlook.

LADY physician of experience as traveling companion with elderly persons or invalid. 6,232, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN (Scotch) would like a position of trust in a family. Experienced housekeeper. Accustomed to taking entire charge. Highest references. 6,230, Outlook.

HIGHLY educated and experienced young German lady of culture and refinement, thoroughly competent of full charge in a large exclusive home. Excellent manager and housekeeper. Exceptional references. Would like to go South. 6,231, Outlook.

ATTRACTIVE young woman, experienced traveler, speaking French, desires position as companion. References. 6,242, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

A woman of culture and refinement, age 35, with many years' training under eminent masters of drawing, painting, and design, wishes an engagement to teach in these arts during the next academic year in a school for girls. Satisfactory references. 6,133, Outlook.

CANADIAN young woman desires position as governess. New York preferred. Experienced kindergartner. Reply before Sept. 6. 6,217, Outlook.

TRAINED teacher would instruct backward child. 6,226, Outlook.

POSITION as teacher in public or private school or as hospital dietitian by recent graduate of domestic science. 6,227, Outlook.

MEDICAL student living in the Adirondacks will board, tutor, and companion a boy or two until spring. 6,228, Outlook.

GERMAN governess or companion; competent, speaking French, English. Good conversationalist. Excellent references. 6,229, Outlook.

COLLEGE, normal school graduate, experienced, desires position; teacher, governess, or companion. 6,233, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

ORIGINAL plays, entertainments. Katharine McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass.

A cultured, refined lady who has just completed a tour of the world desires to confer with a lady of similar tastes who wishes to take a European and Oriental tour starting in the early fall. References given and required. Address 6,161, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

TRAINED nurse with home in Boston would like few mild invalids to board. References from best city physicians. Terms reasonable. 6,234, Outlook.

INDIAN-made beads, wampum, pipes, spears, Porno baskets—the best on earth—¼ to 30 inch. Illustrated list free. F. Gilham, Highland Springs, Cal.

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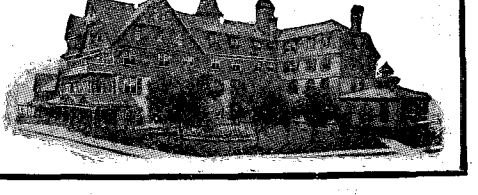

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The Work That Kills

How shall we make employment safe? What is being done to overcome the "diseases of work" and to prevent industrial accidents? Earl Mayo will tell in an early issue of The Outlook, in another of his "Big Battles Against Disease" articles. The worst diseases of industry, such as lead poisoning, "phossy jaw," arsenic poisoning, and anthrax "bends," are caused in curious ways. How they are being attacked by scientific methods is the theme of Mr. Mayo's article. The toll imposed by industrial accidents is appalling, and the progress that is being made toward the protection of the worker is a story of great human and practical interest. Mr. Mayo's article will be fully and strikingly illustrated.

The Outlook

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